

# FETTER'S SOUTHERN MAGAZINE.

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## APRIL.

COLD Winter's gloom is haply fled,  
Old Winter's self is lying dead ;  
The love-lit face of gladsome Spring  
Is fairer theme for bard to sing.

Let Winter die ! In eternal plan  
The blithesome youth succeeds the man,  
And from the dismal ice-bound tomb,  
Sweet maiden Spring wakes into bloom.

Oh, maiden with the sun-lit eyes,  
We greet thee when bleak Winter dies !  
The Spring gods kiss thy rosebud mouth,  
With am'rous zephyrs from the South.

All hail thee, April maiden fair !  
Thy bubbles float upon the air,  
They burst and fall in gentle rain,  
The tints appear in flowers again.

*George Griffith Fetter.*

## GETHSEMANE ABBEY.

### I.

ON the 24th day of October, in the revolutionary year 1848, the abbey gates of ancient St. Melleray, near Nantes, in France, were seen to open, and a procession of bowed, silent men issued forth. They bore aloft two crosses. Some distance from the monastery they halted. For once their habitual air of profound recollection seemed to forsake them. They lifted their venerable heads and looked upon each other intently, but only for a moment; joy, sorrow and fraternal love were mingled in that momentary look; tears coursed down their pallid cheeks; sobs broke forth from their pent-up hearts; they cast themselves into each other's arms, and, giving the kiss of peace and affection, these men of God mutely bade each other farewell in this world. Preceded by a plain wooden cross, those wearing the cowl and led by the Abbot Dom. Maximus solemnly retraced their steps to the monastery whence they had just come, while those clad in the dark clerical dress of the world, with the future Abbot Dom. Eutropius at their head, bearing the other wooden cross, silently wended their way in the direction of far distant America, where, in the wilds of Kentucky, the once "Dark and Bloody Ground," they were henceforth to "*present their bodies a living sacrifice to the worship of God*" (Rom. xii.), unto their own sanctification and that of their neighbor.

### II.

At Havre they were to embark. On their way thither people marveled at their appearance, and inquired of one another, "What manner of men are these?" Some said they were a funeral cortege, others would have it that they were strangers in the land. Presently it was whispered among the onlookers: "*Les Trappistes.*" Then one and all vied with each other in offering them every attention, and esteemed it as a privilege to kneel for their blessing. Even the railway officials paid them all deference.

A stormy passage of thirty-two days awaited them. At sea they buried one of their number—perhaps the first Trappist funeral ever at sea. Resigned to the will of God, and with souls abounding in holy peace and joy, they finally reached New Orleans. Ten days more of passage, and the staunch Mississippi



boat landed them at Portland, Louisville. With a silent *Te Deum* they betook themselves to the residence of Bishop Flaget, at whose entreaties they had come, and whose saintly fame was co-extensive with the Christian world. What a meeting! What a spectacle to witness those silent, austere, travel-stained and happy monks encircling the feet of the venerable apostle of Kentucky, who is now fittingly called "the Patriarch of the West"; to behold this man of almost four score and ten, with tears in his eyes, embracing one after another, these his children! Well could he have said: "*Nunc dimittis*"—"Now, O Lord, let thy servant depart in peace" (Luke ii. 29)—for he knew they would add the crown to his labors, and, by their prayers and exemplary lives, would bring down the benediction of God upon Kentucky.

## III.

The morrow saw them leaving Louisville on foot, preceded by the cross, for their final abiding place, the wild and rugged Gethsemane, distant about forty-eight miles. The ever gentle and self-sacrificing Sisters of Nazareth, Kentucky, had provided for their few wants on the long march. On the 20th of December, a cold and dreary day, they set weary foot on their own lands, and, in the distance, beheld for the first time their future monastery, a wooden structure formerly occupied by the Sisters of Loretto as an academy, and from whom they had purchased it, including some sixteen hundred acres of unfruitful, desolate land. How grateful to God they were to be at their long journey's end! Prostrating themselves, they reverently kissed the soil, and for the first time watered it with their tears and sanctified it by their prayers. And, as the shades of evening were gathering, they entered their humble abode. Christmas came and, thereafter, six more. A change had taken place in those six years, indeed, a wondrous transformation. The wild, uninviting, sterile aspect of Gethsemane had become a garden spot. The wooden monastery had given place to a vast pile—a great abbey; and around it were heard the sound of the anvil, the hum of the saw, the clatter of the mill; and the fields and fertile valleys were seen yielding golden harvests and the trees bearing luscious fruits. And far and wide had gone the name and the fame of the monks of the Abbey of Our Lady of La Trappe. "*By their fruit ye shall know them.*" (Math. vii. 20).

## IV.

So much of the fanciful, the imaginary, the romantic and the unreal, not to say the inaccurate, has been written of Geth-

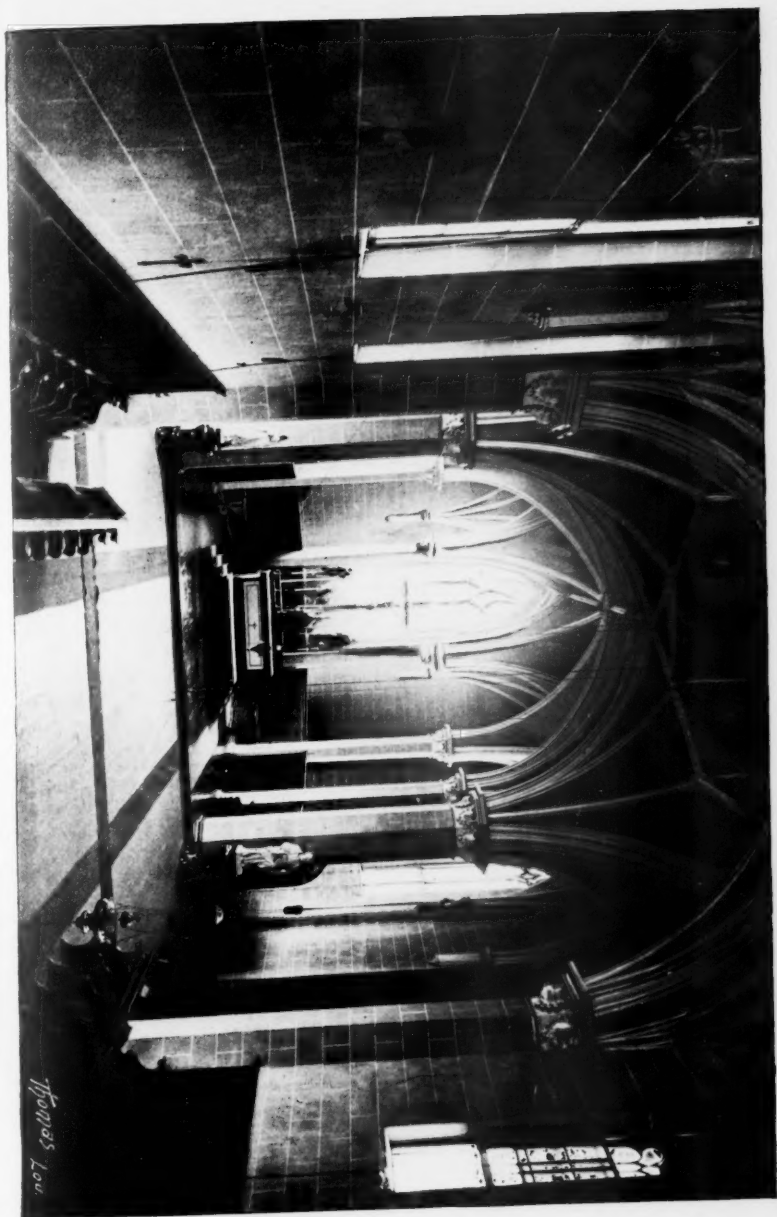


semane and its monks, that a true pen picture of that noble institution and its workings will, I am sure, be acceptable to the readers of the SOUTHERN MAGAZINE. The order of Trappist monks is a reform of the great Cistercian Order, founded by St. Robert about A. D. 1098, and which in turn is a reform of the Benedictine Order founded about A. D. 500. The Trappists follow the rule of St. Benedict in its primitive rigor, that is, they observe strictly in their manner of life and in the recitation of the Divine Office, the rule as laid down by St. Benedict, the patriarch of Western monks. In the course of centuries, however, this rule became relaxed, and successive relaxations led to deplorable abuses. In the year 1098 St. Robert, Abbot of Molesme, founded the Abbey of Citeaux, and re-established the strict observance of the rule of St. Benedict, and this foundation received the name known as the Order of Cistercians. St. Alberick, his successor, following what was believed to be a heavenly direction, changed the dark or tawny colored habit of St. Benedict into a white one, and the order took the Blessed Virgin Mary as its protectress. Again time wrought its destructive changes; the Cistercian rigor relaxed, and, in the seventeenth century but little remained of its former severity. It was then that God raised up the saintly De Rance, a wealthy nobleman, who, after a reckless and dissipated youth, was touched by Divine grace, and entering into himself saw the utter nothingness of things here below. He distributed his vast possessions among the poor of Paris, repaired to the monastery of La Trappe, of which from his tenth year he had been commendatory abbot. He restored the ancient discipline, indeed, he added to its austerity. New life was infused into the Trappists, and up to this day they have relaxed the rule but little, if anything. To-day the Trappist monasteries throughout the world number some sixty for monks and twenty for nuns. These are united together under one general, who is the Abbot of the Three Fountains, near Rome; they have also a Cardinal Protector. The Abbey of our Lady of La Trappe, Gethsemane, is one of these, and the only one in the United States, save the monastery of New Melleray, near Dubuque, Iowa, which as yet is only a priory.

## V.

An early morning ride over the Louisville & Nashville Railway brings us, at about eleven o'clock, to Gethsemane station. There we find, if we come unannounced, a poor vehicle ready to convey us and the light mail to the abbey. But we prefer to walk, for the road is good. We traverse an undulating country,

passing here and there an unpretentious farm house. In the distance, scarce two miles, on a gentle slope, shaded by the dark and abrupt abbatial hills, a graceful white spire, surmounted by a cross, pierces the sky, mutely telling us to look upward to the uncreated Being above us. On we go; presently the scene changes; the great abbey, colleges, schools, mills and shrines come into view, and as we approach nearer, the imposing monastery looms up before us. Now and then the ring of the monastery bell is wafted towards us. What enchanting, peaceful scenery! We arrive at the abbey gates. A magnificent avenue of about five hundred feet, with four rows of sky-reaching English elms, leads to the porter's lodge. "See you these elms?" said the late Abbot Benedict to me some years ago. "My predecessor, Abbot Eutropius, brought them from Nazareth, Kentucky, in his arms." Pulling the lodge bell, an aged lay brother answers it. He bids us welcome and conducts us to the monastery. On the way we pass through a beautiful, enclosed garden, in the center of which, mounted on an ivy and moss-grown hillock, is a white, life-like statue of the Blessed Virgin. Around it is the pious inscription in Latin: "Hail, Sweet Virgin Mary." At the monastery we are ushered into the parlor, a plain room, on whose walls we see a crucifix, a painting of the Magdalen, and, among others, this inscription: "*In all thy works remember thy last end*" (Eccl. vii). A slender, aged monk, in the white habit, appears in the door-way. It is the venerable Father Peter. Dear soul, he has been forty years in the monastery! Humbly and sweetly he conducts us to our room, and begs to know what comforts we need. The rooms set apart for guests number some twenty-four; each is named after one of the saints of the order. In them we feel truly at peace and at home. A gentle knock at our door and a lay brother has come to say that dinner is awaiting us. It proves to be a plain and substantial repast. We then take a *siesta*. Rested and refreshed, we only too gladly follow the gentle guest master, who has come to show us the monastery. Like all great ones, it is a quadrangular structure of from three to four stories, built of hard brick and stone, and is of severe style of architecture. Its external dimensions are, approximately, one hundred and eighty-five by two hundred and eighty feet. The inner square or yard is about one hundred and fifty feet square, with the traditional or symbolical well in the center. This square is handsomely laid out in flower and strawberry beds. It is verily an oasis. Enclosing it are the cloisters, in length about one hundred and fifty by one hundred and seventy-five feet. Here, particularly in foul weather, the monks exercise and meditate, always observing silence. The



100  
St. Louis

walls of the cloister are hung with quotations from the sacred Scriptures, whose meaning may be summed up in these words : Death, judgment, heaven and hell. A door leads from the cloister on our right to the plain refectory, or dining-room. Its furniture consists of a long wooden table, on which is set a tin plate, a tin cup, and a pewter or wooden spoon for each monk. Near the table is a lectern from which the Martyrology or other sacred book is read aloud during the silent meal. We are then ushered into the kitchen. On the tables there is a huge pile of common crockery bowls, about seven inches in diameter. In these is placed each one's "portion." The great range has three kettles, the diameter of each being about three feet. In these the vegetable soup is prepared. Thence we are conducted to the chapter room, an oblong apartment, containing at one end a raised dais for the abbot, and at the opposite end a confessional for the brethren, over which one sees the wooden cross that accompanied the original colony from France in 1848. Otherwise the room is severely plain. A side door opens into the graveyard and recreation ground, enclosed by a massive wall, built up from the valley below. It is, albeit its lugubrious surroundings, a lovely spot, ornamented with cedars and commanding a magnificent view of the picturesque abbatial hills and valleys. Some eighty mounds, covered with ivy and myrtle, surmounted by a black wooden cross, mark the earthly resting place of the departed monks. Alongside the grave of him who departed last is a newly begun but unfinished grave. It is destined for him whom God shall next call hence ; until then will it remain unfinished and but partly dug. In this little graveyard, too, encircling the choir walls of the abbey church, are small mortuary chapels containing the tombs of a few clergymen and of a nobleman, Baron de Hodiamont, a benefactor of the monastery.

## VI.

From the chapter room we enter the imposing cruciform church. It is one of the finest, as well as the lengthiest, in the State. It is a pointed Gothic edifice ; its total length is two hundred and ten feet, nave thirty and transept ninety feet. Four Gothic pillars support the dome. The apsis rests upon five columns of most graceful proportions, in whose rear are five chapels dedicated to the Cistercian saints : Stephen, Robert, Benedict, Eutropius and Bernard. The chapel in the right transept is consecrated to the Sacred Heart of Jesus ; that on the left to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Against the pillars of the dome are fine pedestals supporting statues of Our Lady

of Lourdes and of St. Joseph, the latter a gift of Father O'Connell, of Bardstown. The abbey church has fourteen altars ; it is divided into two parts ; the northern for the monks, the southern for the laity residing in the immediate vicinity of the monastery. The choir stalls, numbering perhaps one hundred, are massive and chaste in design. The high altar has no *reredos* ; a Calvary group, however, sculptured by the deceased Trappist, Fr. Timothy, rises above the high altar. The abbot's crosier, an artistic piece of inlaid or mosaic work, was also made by him ; likewise the side altars. Leaving the church we ascend to the dormitory, an apartment of about one hundred and fifty by thirty feet, in the center of which, like steamboat state-rooms, are the cells of the community, beginning with that of the abbot down to the humblest lay brother. Each cell is about four by six feet, and contains a hard straw mattress, pillow, sufficient covering, and a crucifix. Here the poor Trappist stretches his weary body. Thence we go to the infirmary and apothecary, both large and well ventilated apartments. It is touching to see the care the self-denying and rigorous Trappists bestow upon their sick and suffering brethren. Cleanliness, neatness and order are everywhere apparent in the monastery. The Trappists dearly love poverty, but like St. Bernard, they detest filth. We finish our tour of the monastery in the library, where we find a good collection of several thousand books.

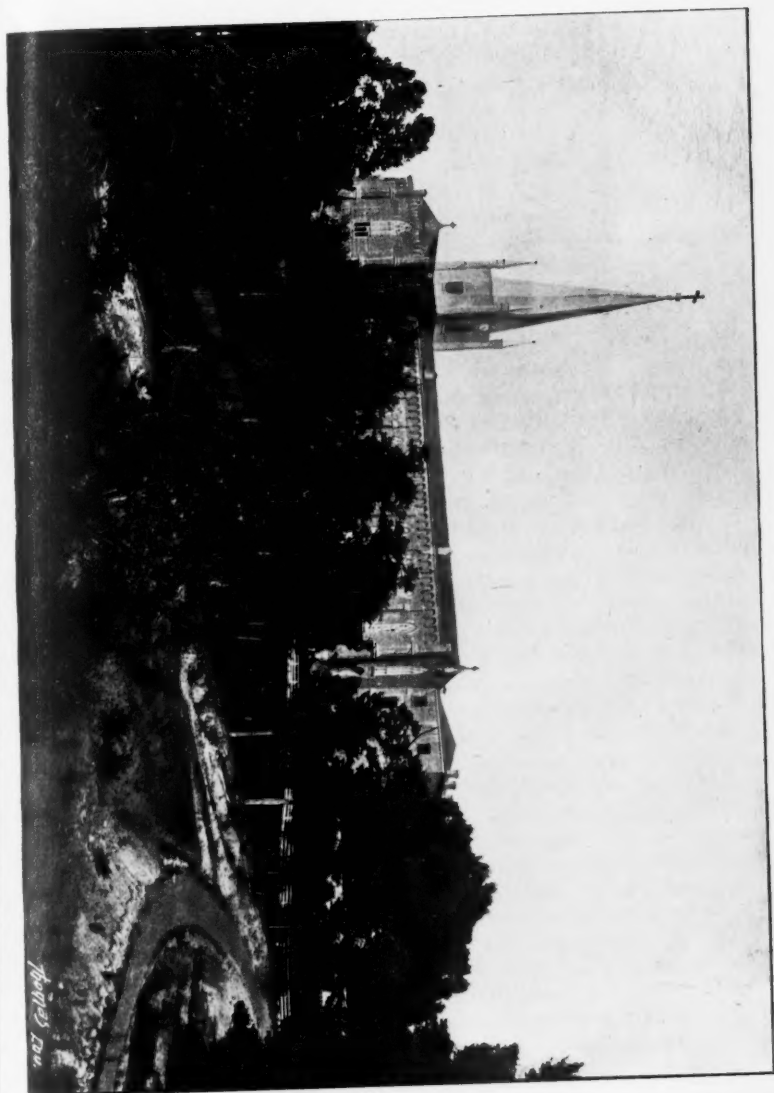
## VII.

We now come to the essential part of the life at Gethsemane Abbey. At two o'clock in the morning on week days, and at one on Sundays, the solemn stillness of the night is broken by the monastery bell. It is the summons for all to rise and begin the day's work. "*It is now the hour for us to rise from sleep.*" (Rom. xiii. 2.) Their toilet is simple ; for they always sleep without undressing. In less than five minutes they may be seen, one after another, silently entering their respective cells in the church for Matins. A momentary pause, and then the Divine Office begins. The Divine Office is the solemn prayer of the Catholic Church. It is recited in her name daily by all her ministers in holy orders and by the religious orders. It is her homage and praise to God, her prayer for the welfare of mankind and for the sanctification of him who is obligated to say it. It must be said daily under pain of mortal sin. It is a long prayer made up of many psalms, scriptural lessons, antiphons, responsories, hymns, homilies and prayers. "*Septies in die laudem clixi tibi.*" (Ps. cxviii.) "*Seven times a day have I*

*given praise to thee.*" The Trappists recite from two to three distinct offices every day; first, that of the Blessed Virgin; second, that of the current day, and, on ferial days, that of the dead. They begin the Matins or Nocturnal Prayers with the Lord's Prayer, the Ave and the Creed; thereupon, "*O Lord, open thou my lips,*" "*Come let us sing unto the Lord.*" The recitation of Matins lasts from one to two hours, and is followed by Lauds. It is then about four o'clock in the morning. At this hour they separate. The lay members go to their work in the fields or mills; the choir members remain for mass. At half past five o'clock the Office of Prime is sung, ushering in the day with the hymn:

"The star of morn to night succeeds,  
We therefore meekly pray,  
May God in all our words and deeds,  
Keep us from harm this day."

Thereupon they retire to the chapter room, where, in all sorrow and humility they openly accuse themselves of their transgressions against the rule, receiving in return a salutary penance. During the time intervening until eight o'clock, they devote to labor and to reading. At this hour they reassemble to sing the third canonical hour, Terce. When finished, all, without exception, must engage in manual labor until half past ten o'clock. At this hour, by recent dispensation, owing to the rigor of our climate, they are allowed to partake of a few ounces of coarse bread, with a little cider or warm liquid. They are then permitted to dispose of their time until a quarter past eleven o'clock, when they sing the sixth canonical hour. This gives place to an examination of conscience for thirty minutes. Then they sing None. At noon the community mass is said. After this mass they toil until 2:45 o'clock in the afternoon, followed by a brief rest. The evening service of the church, called Vespers, is then sung; thereupon twenty minutes are again devoted to meditation. In Lent their one meal, if it may be called such, is taken at a quarter past four o'clock in the afternoon. In the Easter-tide it is fixed at half past eleven o'clock in the morning, with a collation of bread at six o'clock. Otherwise, throughout the year they dine at half past two o'clock. They subsist wholly on vegetable food. The dinner consists of a bowl of mixed vegetable soup and a few potatoes called "*portions*," a little fruit for dessert, and a small bottle of cider. Milk may be used in the preparation of the "*portions*," but not in Lent, nor is fruit permitted in this season. Meat, butter, eggs and cheese are not allowed. This severe diet, or "*black fast*" has proven sufficient for them; under it even the aged





monks—monks of seventy and eighty years—keep strong and well, and are enabled to discharge their duties. While this silent, solitary meal is being partaken of, one of the brethren reads aloud from the Martyrology or other suitable book.

## VIII.

Until six o'clock their time is at their disposal. At this hour they come together to hear the subject for the morrow's meditation. Then, the monastery bell summons to Compline. They betake themselves to their respective stalls in the church. After a few moments of adoration a low voice breaks the silence with these words: "*Jube, Domne benedicere*"—Be pleased, sir, to bless us. And the answer is returned: "May the Almighty Lord grant us a quiet night"—"*Brethren, be sober, be vigilant.*" In a little while the psalms are finished; twilight has set in, gloom pervades the church, and silence seems to reign supreme. Presently two candles are lighted on the altar. Like shadows, the lay brothers go forward to the altar. A plaintive voice intones the *Salve Regina*; it swells in volume; seemingly from every arch and recess of the church a chorus of voices join in; the magnificent vaulting overhead echoes and re-echoes the strains. It is a spontaneous outpouring of magnanimous souls, after the day's toil, to their lady-love, their heavenly patroness, their refuge, their consoler in this vale of tears, their mother, the ever Blessed Virgin Mary. Gradually the notes die away, the echoes die away, the notes grow fainter, they have gone heavenward; the candles are extinguished, the church is deserted; the monks are sleeping—theirs is the sleep of peace. In summer the Trappists retire to rest one hour earlier, and, at about noon, are allowed to take a *siesta*, to compensate for this hour's loss of necessary sleep. As a community they are composed of choir religious, who may be priests or laymen, and lay religious, whose previous education does not qualify them to recite the Office, which is in Latin. The former are known by the white habit, the latter, by the brown. A postulant, admitted as a lay brother, remains so ever afterward. A choir brother can not become a lay brother; he may in the course of time be raised to the dignity of the priesthood, but only after his solemn profession. In order that both the choir and lay religious, who have taken the vows of poverty, chastity and obedience, may remain undisturbed in their life of prayer, silence and solitude, the Trappist Order has another class called the "Oblates." These follow the rule, like the others but take no vows, and wear a habit of different form. Being thus free, they are employed



in the external works of the monastery, like teaching in the schools, and similar charities.

Gethsemane is an abbey. Its head is elected by the community and confirmed by the Pope. As abbot he is entitled to the use of the mitre, the crosier and the ring. His habit differs but little from the others; he wears a wooden, pectoral cross. His office is for life. The present abbot is the Right Reverend Father M. Edward de Bourbon, a personal and most dear friend of the writer. And, I wish to say here, on his authority, that the many press reports about his relationship to the royal Bourbon family of France are altogether untrue. I may also here state that newspapers are necessarily not admitted to the monastery. The monks neither know, nor care to know, what is transpiring in the world. They are dead to it, and detached from it. Visitors are kindly received and hospitably entertained at the monastery. While there they are shown the monastery, but do not associate with nor speak to the monks. The guest master sees after their comfort. Ladies are never admitted to the monastery nor beyond the porter's lodge, nor farther than the gallery in the church. The Trappist constitution, however, admits of two exceptions to this rigid regulation, in the persons of the wife of the President of the United States and the wife of the governor of Kentucky. In the guests' department comfortable rooms are set apart for clergymen or laymen who desire to pass a few days in retirement and solitude at the monastery. Those who have had the good fortune to make a retreat there speak with gratitude of the kindness shown them while at Gethsemane. The abbey does not now, as it did formerly, receive boarders or disciplinary cases, but all are welcome on a few days' visit or spiritual retreat. The fathers never accept pay; visitors may, if they wish, remember the poor at an alms-box. Silence always reigns supreme throughout the monastery, but, like many other things, this part of the Trappist observance has been greatly exaggerated. It is true the brethren never speak to one another, but they may always speak to their beloved abbot, their venerable prior or to him who has been placed in charge of their work. They, too, are free to use the discipline on and by themselves only, once or twice a week if they so choose.

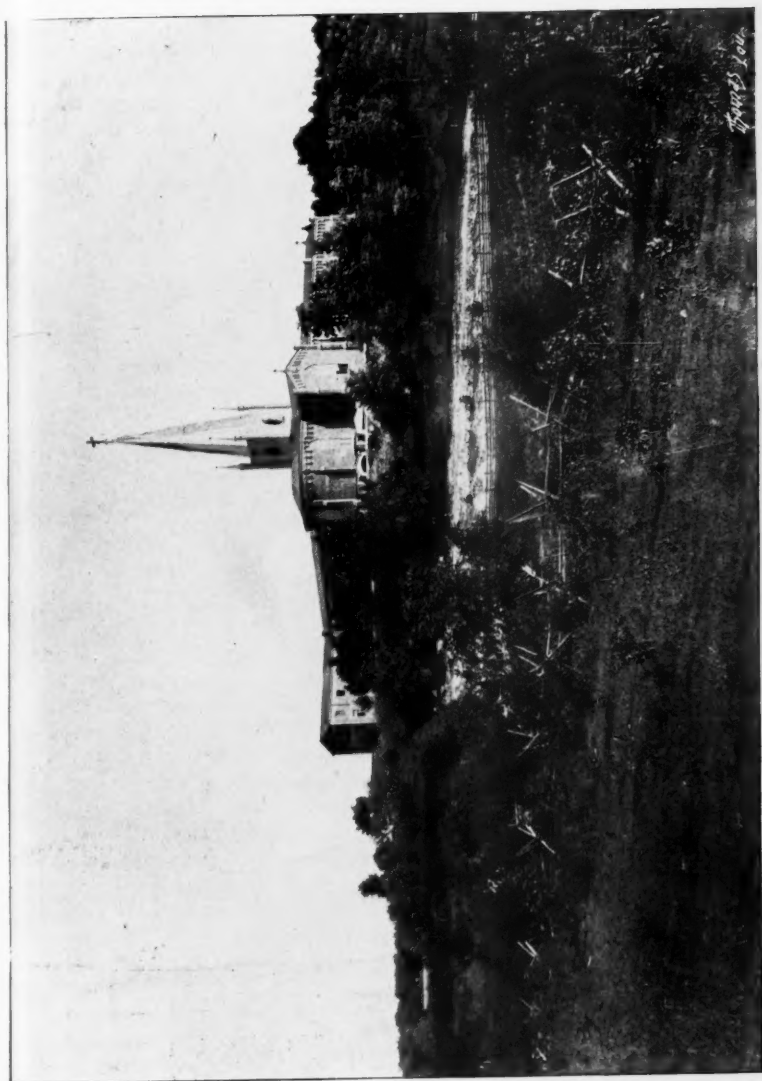
#### IX.

As every monastery of the order must be self-supporting, and as the poor lands they cultivate rarely enable them to derive a sufficient support, the Trappists frequently engage in other external works. At Gethsemane they conduct two schools

about one mile apart each. The one is a flourishing commercial and classical college for young men. The site of the imposing building is a promontory not far from the abbey, with delightful grounds. The order, discipline and proficiency at this institute are most admirable. A cultivated English gentleman, Mr. Beauford, is chief disciplinarian. The other is called Mt. Olivet, a day school for the poor children of the neighborhood. Not only does the abbey afford the poor children the best of instruction free of charge, but it also largely clothes and supports them. The fathers speak in warm terms of Mr. Beauford, who also gives this school his gratuitous attention. These schools number some one hundred and thirty pupils. The Trappists of Gethsemane are about fifty in number, among whom fourteen are professed choir religious, and twenty lay brothers. Forty-five years have passed since these venerable men came into our midst. And, in all this time they have toiled, have prayed, have struggled, and have accomplished much. From them has gone forth a silent sermon that has made the South and her generous people better, more useful, more Christian, more patriotic. Consumed, as they are, by the love of God, this love ever extends to their fellowmen. Oft it may be the avenging hand of the terribly just God is staid over us by the unceasing orisons of these men so dead to self. They have received from the Lord a rare vocation; they are following the counsel of him who said: "*If thou wilt enter into life, keep the commandments, but if thou wilt be perfect, go sell what thou hast and give to the poor and come follow me.*" (Matt. xix. 21). They are not enthusiasts; their abstemious life brings them health, evenly balanced minds and a venerable old age. Their example preaches to a self-indulgent world the necessity of penance.

## X.

On some sunny day, it may be, the brethren are abroad in the field, in the forests, in the mills and in the gardens. And as they toil, the bell of the distant abbey rings. They know that ring, for they have heard it before. They know that one of their number is about to enter the Valley of Death. Silently they direct their steps to the abbey, and as silently enter the chamber of death. On his poor cot the dying monk lies; peace and joy illumine his pallid countenance. Perhaps, in his humility, he will beseech his brethren to place him on the floor, and on a little straw strewn with blest ashes; for thus would he die poorer and happier. And, amid their prayers, he yields his



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purified soul to God. It is not his death ; it is only his transition ; he died when he became a Trappist. And then his brothers give him a new and fresh cowl ; they carry him to his place in the church, and there for twenty-four hours they alternately recite for him the psalms. And then tidings that he is no more on earth are sent to the Trappist monasteries of the world so that speedy prayers may be said for him. And on the morrow, mass over, they reverently bear him to the grave long since dug, but finished only yesterday. Into this grave a brother monk descends, and, extending his strong arms, lovingly receives the lifeless body from his brethren yet in life, and tenderly deposits it at the bottom. The virgin soil is softly laid upon the white cowl ; for the corpse has no other coffin. And then, by the side of the freshly made mound, another grave is begun, but to remain unfinished until God shall be pleased to summon again.

*Louis G. Deppen.*

#### A PEACHBLOOM.

SWEET pinkness of maternal flowering  
 To grace the fickle sun of April day,  
 Ethereal as some feathery spray  
 The sunset tones of eve embowering.  
 Aerial thou formst a honeyed haunt  
 For Launcelot bee, true to no Guinevere,  
 Nor fair Elaine of flowers save to dare  
 Profane Love's name with susurrous low cant.  
 Thou givst thy beauty to earth's Eastertide,  
 From wintry desolation thou bringst life,  
 Yet wreaketh gloom, as hath beloved wife  
 Who bore a royal heir and smiling died.  
 Ah, dainty poet, Keats of orchard growth,  
 So soon to pass nor one song more put forth.

*Heileman Wilson.*



## BROWNING'S BOUNTY.

IF it be true that there are in the world only those who give and those who receive, and the most greatly blessed are the greatest givers, then rich in the plenitude of blessedness must we judge Robert Browning to have been. For he gave English-speaking people a literature; a literature broad as life and beautiful as our dreams of asphodels and immortality; real as the soul and noble as its aspirations.

Conceive a great misfortune come to us, and all metaphysical works smitten suddenly out of existence. Yet would we be able to construct anew our shattered system from Browning's pages. Conceive all novels, all stories blotted out by one death stroke; yet should we find romance enough in these volumes—sweet, warm, wild, passionate, sorrowful, blissful, terrible. We could ask for naught beyond "Colombe's Birthday," "Pippa Passes," "In a Balcony," "Luria," "A Soul's Tragedy," or for our short stories, "In a Gondola," "Count Gismond," "The Laboratory," "A Light Woman," "Porphyria's Lover." Conceive again all poetry lost but his, yet we would have in "Sordello" the majestic epic; in "Strafford" and "The Blot on the Scutcheon," the stately but impassioned drama; in scores of others that it tasks to name, the light-moving, heart-stirring lyric; in "The Ring and the Book," "James Lee's Wife," "A Forgiveness," the psychic study in verse. Even conceive, through some dire curse, our Bible snatched from us; yet we could never wander unblessed through a spiritual night while "Abt Vogler" and "Rabbi Ben Ezra" were left to us—while across our paths streamed luminously a light like this:

"Therefore to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable name?  
Builder and maker thou, of houses not made with hands;  
What, have fear of change from thee who art ever the same?  
Doubt that thy power can fill the heart that thy power expands?  
There shall never be one lost good; what was shall live as before;  
The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound;  
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much good more;  
On the earth, the broken arcs; in the heaven, a perfect round.

"All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall exist;  
Not its semblance but itself; no beauty nor good nor power  
Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist,  
When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.  
The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too hard,  
The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,  
Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;  
Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by and by."

Proudly then—proud in our brotherhood to him—we claim that there is not one heaven-strung chord in our souls but has

made melodic response beneath this master touch ; love of God's truth, of liberty, of country, of fireside and fane, immortal hope, unflinching trust in the possibilities of man's psychic as well as his intellectual being, faith in a nobler, wider, freer existence beyond this death-rimmed one !

Even the lighter earth-strung chords he has not left wholly quiet.

But we question our right to think of Robert Browning solely as a greatly generous giver. This man who rejoiced always in his apostolate—nay, his birthright—of song was, too, a faithful laborer. From "Pauline" to "Asolando," look at the score and more of volumes that he has left for our enriching ; pick what flaws you may in the workmanship, yet you can not justly claim that it ever once betokens the "low-pulsed, forthright craftsman's hand" ; that he once debased his ideal—sun-clear, star-high ; that he once narrowed the compass of his full notes to embrace less than simple truth, deepest human sympathy, and highest divine reverence.

No need to touch here upon that out-worn charge against him of intentional mysticism, of willful opaqueness. I pass it by with half a smile. Fatuous, indeed, in a man of Browning's caliber to have been a sphinx of set purpose. A step farther I meet the careless challenge of sciolists who claim that, consciously or unconsciously, often his verse is as misty-meaningless to them as Zend. I hold—and I am not an extremist—that he is never even obscure to a sympathetic reader who bends an ear to every pulsing word he has let fall, instead of idly catching a phrase to-day and another next month. Mary Wolstonecraft spoke rarely well when she said that reflection is necessary to the realization even of a great passion. Call our poet then a "great passion." It is sad, but mortals are prone to shirk thought as burdensome. Were it not so, the Concord sage need not have bidden us "beware when the great gods let loose a thinker on this globe." But from our thinker let us not shrink ; let us draw nearer, rather, hoping to greaten by merely breathing in the remoter limits of his zone.

The genealogy of intellectual processes in a master mind is always invested with much of romantic interest. We are piqued to a delicious wonder about these things as the simple Norsemen of old were stirred to a devout curiosity regarding life in the household of Thor the Thunderer, or Baldwin, the beautiful and strong. One can not forever be on a triumphal march into Rome, we say. The lordliest, most ambitious Caesar must have his hours of inert dreaming by tinkling fountains, of unstirred rest on velvet roses, or soft passivity beneath un-

troubled skies. Is it thus, too, there must be pauses in intellectual conquest? We may see.

Seventy-three years ago, when Thomas Moore was still in his prime, and Wordsworth had but reached the high meridian of his majestic manhood; ere the angel of the shining sword had come to Rome, to Lerici, to Missolonghi, robbing England's coronal each time of one immortelle, but setting it on high to shine as a star to all the world; when "Endymion" and "The Eve of St. Agnes" were just completed, "Adonais" yet undreamed, and Childe Harold's wanderings still unended, a lad of eight was sturdily thrumming the scansion of his own verses on the mahogany table in a pleasant breakfast room at Camberwell, a London suburb. "All halo-girt with fancies of his own" we see him. Four years later the boy has collected enough poems to fill a volume. Only his most helotic worshipers to-day can regret that he found no publisher for these. He himself has confessed that they were in the "Byronic lilt."

Next year came a wondrous new life. The dear sympathetic mother—blessed be her memory forever!—brought him for a gift "Epipsychidion," the Pisa "Adonais" in its purple stained cover, all of Shelley's works, indeed, and three volumes "by a Mr. John Keats," the book-seller in Vere street told her, recommending them as being much in the spirit of Shelley.

"Such a starved bank of moss  
Till that May morn—  
Blue ran the flash across,  
Violets were born!"

A few years later young Browning stands before his father (who desires him now to choose a profession), explaining that no choice can be made; it was decided long ago; he can be nothing but a poet; has trained himself with that alone in view, has dreamed of nothing else since; in boyhood—that is at eight or ten years of age—he had been divided in his loves between music, painting, and poetry; but the first and second have long been subordinated to the third; will his father approve? The quiet, elderly man calmly judges and, strangely enough, sanctions the choice. The torch is placed in the runner's steady hands, and the race is begun.

In January, 1833, there was published anonymously in England a little book of seventy pages, "Pauline." For thirty-four years it remained unnoticed by the public, and unclaimed of its author. A few rare hearts welcomed it. We are always glad and grateful when one great soul is first to recognize another, and John Stuart Mill gains much by having been one of the few who saw at once in this poem the protoplastic expression of a



kingly genius. And poor, sad-fated Miss Flower, too, who had praised even those childish verses: we set it down as more to her honor to have been the first to encourage this singer of noble songs than to have been the authoress of "Vivia Perpetua."

Despite its crudenesses and its sometimes incoherence, there is in "Pauline" a potentiality, a fine suggestion of force—nay, at times, the force itself, and, not unrarely, a marvelous loveliness. Such passages as the following must have aroused even duller men than John Stuart Mill to a full sense of the static energy that was fast transforming into a mighty dynamism:

"There were bright troops of undiscovered suns  
Each equal in their radiant course; there were  
Clusters of far fair isles which ocean kept  
For his own joy, and his waves broke on them  
Without a choice; and there was a dim crowd  
Of visions, each a part of some grand whole;  
And one star left his peers and came with peace  
Upon a storm, and all eyes pined for him;  
And one isle harbored a sea-beaten ship,  
And the crew wandered in its bowers and plucked  
Its fruits and gave up all their hopes of home;  
And one dream came to a pale poet's sleep,  
And he said, 'I am singled out by God;  
No sin must touch me!'"

Browning had thrown much of his soul into this luckless little volume, and, serene as he was in his philosophy, there can yet be no doubt that its failure left a long-enduring sting. The world made up to him afterward—yes, if the bush crowned in June with its treasure of perfect roses can forget those few pale, frail, unlovely buds that an April frost slew, or if the fruits of autumn can atone for the dead daintiness of one bough of spring blossoms. Ah! nothing in this world of pathetic things is more pathetic than an unsuccessful book!

Of the two years following "Pauline," there is no token until "Paracelsus," except two short poems, published then in *Fox's Monthly Repository*, under the single title, "Madhouse Cells," afterwards gathered into the "Dramatic Lyrics" of 1842, but now in the collection "Men and Women," and known as "Porphyria's Lover" and "Joannes Agricola in Meditation." These, too, in their fresh, fair strength, passed absolutely unnoticed.

"Paracelsus" was written in the winter of 1834-35, and published in the late spring. A few intellects here and there now began to realize the unmeasured wealth of the mine from whose abundance such nuggets were freely tossed. The *Examiner*, in especial, is remembered in this connection, for it came forward with an exhaustive review of the drama written by John Forster, and a generous prophecy of the poet's future



largesse to the world. The young, strong, beautiful voice was no longer to appeal utterly in vain to the world's soul. But even in the face of all the admiration since lavished upon this production, it must be admitted by the dispassionate that "*Paracelsus*" is valuable chiefly as a herald of the imperial power to follow. The vast mass of his work deservedly outranks it. Despite its delicacy of touch, the melodious charms of its versification, and the fineness of its psychological subtleties, the memory of it remains with us as of a shapeless drama, recalcitrant against the highest artistic canons, crabbed, cumbrous, unreal.

In the winter after the appearance of "*Paracelsus*," there began the friendship with the actor Macready, which played no small part in directing Mr. Browning's early energies, for it was in the following May, at a supper succeeding the presentation of Talfourd's "*Ion*" at the Covent Garden Theater, that Browning sat opposite to the actor, who was supported on either hand by the venerable Wordsworth and Savage Landor. It was that same night that Macready, when the guests were leaving, came up to the young poet and said, with a hand on his arm: "Write a play, Browning, and keep me from going to America." What followed? "A flash of the will that can," and "*Strafford*" sprung full grown from the Jovian brain. During the next May it was brought out on the boards of Covent Garden, with Macready in his courtliest majesty, and Helena Faucit never tenderer or more passionate than as Lady Carlisle.

There is time here to correct the erroneous and tiresomely repeated statement that all Mr. Browning's plays utterly failed on the stage. The brief term of each of them was due to some unfortunate extraneous circumstance; as the withdrawal of the brilliant and much applauded "*Strafford*," after five nights of undiminished popularity, was inevitable because of the low condition of the finances of the theater at that time.

Our poet kept a three years' silence after "*Strafford*," but they were years of intensely energetic work. Besides the lyric masque of "*Pippa Passes*" he produced the two great tragedies "*King Victor and King Charles*," and "*Mansoor the Hierophant*," later re-christened "*The Return of the Druses*." Finding no manager nor yet a publisher for these, the dauntless soul wasted no time in sighing or bitterness. And here we see in clearest light the heroism of this fine nature; neither oblivion nor reviewers' pens could slay him; they could not even sour him. He now re-summoned the sweetness of a dream he had long ago had; he would mirror in verse the complete life of a single soul, and give the world an epic of feeling rather than of action. The dream lives in "*Sordello*," which

appeared in 1840. This great, and greatly difficult poem—as Mr. Browning in the clear afternoon of his life candidly confessed it to be—has now become a classic.

With “Bells and Pomegranates”—a series of eight numbers—appearing between 1841 and 1846, began a new phase of the poet's literary career. “Pippa Passes” opened the series. The deliciously idyllic beauty of this creation leaves one scarcely attention for its masterful execution and its bounteousness of thought. Pippa herself, one of Browning's loveliest fantasies, brought to her creator's hand a gift for which he had sighed—the many-celled heart of the public—perhaps, too, another dearer heart, as this was the particular “pomegranate” praise of which the young poet had to thank Miss Barrett for.

“King Victor and King Charles” formed the next number, 1842. In the same year followed “Dramatic Lyrics,” including “Cavalier Times,” “My Last Duchess,” “Count Gismond,” “Incident of the French Camp,” “The Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister,” and that flawless bit of harmony, “In a Gondola.” Then “Artemis Prologizes,” “Waring” (singing the disappearance of Mr. Alfred Dommett who many years later returned from Vishnuland), “Rudel and the Lady of Tripoli,” “Christina,” “Mad-house Cells,” “Through the Metidja” and “The Pied Piper.” This last, it should be explained, had been written for the amusement of little Willie Macready and without an idea of publication; but when the printer's imp clamored for more copy, Mr. Browning despairfully gave him this.

“The Return of the Druses,” fervid and warm with life blood, appeared in 1843. “The Blot on the 'Scutcheon” constituted number five of “Bells and Pomegranates,” and a little later, “Colombe's Birthday,” “Luria” and “A Soul's Tragedy.” The two last filled the closing number of this series and bore the date 1846—the date of the poet's union with that twin soul, who then for fifteen flying years sang beside him for his inspiration and the world's.

His later work in that country whose atmosphere has ripened into golden fruition so many fair flowers of British genius, we can not follow thus closely. We have traced the star path unto the zenith. There was no nadir and scarcely a period of decline. His masterpieces we must study separately; “Fra Lippo Lippi,” so full of humor and of noble poetry, so lucid in its statement of the pure science of æsthetics; “Rabbi Ben Ezra,” in which lies his religious philosophy in crystalline beauty; “Andrea Del Sarto,” truly “an autumn twilight,” wistful, mournful, hopeless; “Bishop Blougram's Apology,” a noble plea for faith in

revealed religion. Pause a moment and let us have the complaisant bishop talk to us when we have declared ourselves agnostics, atheists—what you will :

“ Where’s  
The gain? How can we guard our unbelief,  
Make it bear fruit to us? The problem here :  
Just when we’re safest there’s a sunset touch,  
A fancy from a flower-bell, some one’s death,  
A chorus—ending from Euripides,  
And that’s enough for fifty hopes and fears,  
As old and new at once, as life itself,  
To rap and knock and enter in our souls,  
Take hands and dance there, a fantastic ring,  
Round the ancient idol on its base again,  
The grand Perhaps! ”

Then his *chef-d’œuvre*, “ The Ring and the Book ”—how can I pass briefly over that? In its own words :

“ Self-sufficient now the shape remains,  
The rondure brave, the lilled loveliness,  
Gold as it was, is, shall be evermore.”

How do we rank Mr. Browning highest? As lyricist, dramatist, or philosopher? As painter, musician, or man of learning? Possibly not in any of these. In his ardent optimism and his great-souled altruism we reverence him most; as friend and as lover we love him best. Aye, and these are his sublimities; in them he touches his highest point. When he sings :

“ Grow old along with me;  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life for which the first was made:  
Our times are in His hand  
Who saith: ‘ A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all nor be afraid.’ ”

Or again :

“ God’s in his heaven;  
All’s right with the world.”

He lifts every valley land to the level of Olympus. And when you compare any other love poem by any other poet of any age with “ In a Balcony,” “ The Last Ride Together,” and “ In a Gondola,” the other poet must lose, as Browning gains by the comparison. No where else is love so perfect, or lovers so lovely; no where else passion and spirituality so in accord. “ The Last Ride ” is but one of his Arno lilies, smiling white beneath heaven: watch the sunshine fall off from its gleaming chalice :

"Who knows what's fit for us? Had fate  
Proposed bliss here should sublimate  
My being: had I signed the bond,  
Still, one must lead some life beyond,  
Have a bliss to die with—dim-described,  
My foot once planted on the goal,  
This glory garland round my soul,  
Could I desery such? Try and test;  
I sink back shuddering from the quest:  
Earth being so good, would heaven seem best?  
Now heaven and she are beyond this ride.

"And yet—she has not spoke so long:  
What if heaven be th't, fair and strong,  
At life's best, with our eyes upturned  
Whither life's flower is first discerned,  
We, fixed so, ever should so abide?  
What if we still ride on, we two,  
With life forever old, yet new,  
Changed not in kind, but in degree,  
The instant made eternity,  
And heaven just prove that I and she  
Ride, ride together, forever ride!"

To oppress you here with a burden of his great thoughts  
would be unwise as well as unkind. Yet take with you this last—  
worthy of reverential pondering upon—from "The Ring and  
the Book:"

"Man—as befits the made, the inferior thing—  
Purposed, since made, to grow, not make in turn,  
Yet forced to try and make, else fail to grow—  
Formed to rise, reach at, if not grasp and gain,  
The good beyond him—which attempt is growth—  
Repeats God's process in man's due degree,  
Attaining man's proportionate result,  
Creates—no, but resuscitates, perhaps!"

*Leonora Beck.*

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## CHAOS.

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SEAS mad with wild fury lashed the storm-wrecked rocks,  
And whirling stars lit up the darkened space,  
And disorbed worlds crashing in thunderous shocks  
Made Earth and Heaven and Hell the self-same place.

*Will E. Thompson.*

## MY TWO COUSINS.

From the French, Rene de Maricourt. Translated by M. E. B.



HAD an irresistible desire to laugh, why I could not tell, as a boy with a gold band on his cap handed me a dispatch. Wishing a solution of this phenomenon I interrogated the little slip of folded paper. It read: "Philippe dead—funeral to-morrow 11 o'clock. Come. Lisbeth."

Nothing especially cheerful in that; how explain my untimely mirth?

Physiologically speaking, I remembered the following definition: "A long inhalation followed by a short respiration causes the vocal chords to vibrate with a peculiar sound. This is provoked by the sight or memory of something ludicrous."

This poor Philippe, the brother of Lisbeth, was truly a ludicrous object, grotesque and comical, but by what association of ideas had he crossed my brain? Instead of piously saying, "Peace to his soul," as I should have done, I said: "Break his pipe and shut up his umbrella." These last words brought him so forcibly to mind, I laughed again in spite of myself.

This cousin of mine always wore a long gray overcoat, a little velvet skull cap, and no matter what the state of the heavens, he invariably carried a big blue umbrella. "He has shut up his umbrella for good this time," I exclaimed. "But if they don't put it in his coffin with him he will be sure to come back to reclaim it."

Four hours on the railroad brought me to the station where I was to take a carriage for my cousin's chateau.

I was passing through a charming Normandy landscape, the full moon pouring great flakes of silvery snow upon the blossoming apple trees. In the meadows little trenches filled with water were glistening like so many threads of pearls. Behind the dark green hedges cottage walls rose up, clear and sharply defined upon the gray tinted sky.

Truly a charming landscape—rich in all the dewy sweetness of a Maytime night.



From this dream of beauty I was aroused by the sharp voice of Valerie, an old servant who had lived at the chateau since my infancy—a piece of the family furniture. She received me with a meager smile of welcome: “Ah, is that you? I had given you out and was about going to bed.”

“And my cousin Lisbeth?” I demanded.

“Poor mademoiselle—she is more in need of repose than any one; the house is full of company, she has just gone to her room. Come, I will show you to your chamber.”

Holding the lamp to light my way, its rays fell hard and strong upon her face, showing the deep wrinkles around her mouth and her gray hair falling in wisps from beneath her white cotton cap.

My room was in that part of the building Philippe had occupied—only a closet separated it from his bed-room. “There is where he kept his odds and ends,” said Valerie. I immediately thought of his big umbrella.

“Is his body in there?” I asked.

“Oh no! Monsieur Philippe was put in his coffin yesterday and carried down to the reception hall, that they have turned into a temporary chapel,” said Valerie.

I demanded some details of my cousin's death. Valerie sketched his illness, adding a doubtful panegyric upon his life—“A miserable old bachelor—decidedly crazy and so sordid and grasping.” Poor Philippe had left but few regrets at his departure. We both spoke in a low, cathedral tone, trying to find some forgotten virtues from which to glean a posthumous bouquet for the defunct. Were we sincere? No, neither of us; it was only the instinctive respect for the Supreme Mystery.

I have often asked myself why we stand with uncovered head when a corpse is carried by—let it be the rich or the poor. For whom this respect? The soul has departed—the body only an inert mass of flesh. We do not salute the dead, but *death*, the terrible majestic Unknown—that leaves us all mere dreamers.

Once alone in my room I gave myself up to the comfort of a good bed and the charming memories of that Normandy landscape with its silvered apple blossoms and softly shining moon.

Suddenly I felt ill at ease; the beams of the ceiling worried me—something seemed to be hiding in their dark depths—at the least noise my heart would palpitate. Just above my head I heard a series of little knocks—no doubt rats or mice, but strongly resembling spirit rappings. I said:

“At any rate, my dear Philippe, if you will leave me in peace I promise you a *De Profundis*——”

Here I fell asleep and did not wake until late in the morning. As soon as I was dressed I ran to a window looking out upon the court. There was the great porch arched over and covered with a heavy black curtain dotted with silver stars. Through an opening in the drapery came a pale, wan light, the light of the wax candles placed by the bier.

This was the chapel for the dead spoken of by Valerie.

Whilst I looked at this black square on the long white facade of the court, the curtain was slowly raised—a man came out, made a few steps before this black space, then began to walk back and forth like a sentinel on duty.

“How! what is this? Philippe guarding his own coffin”—then a bad turn of that nervous laughter again shook me from head to foot.

After rubbing my eyes I watched this vision, thinking it was a fantasy that would soon pass away like the smoke of my cigar. No—it still remained—a man walking up and down, with the manner, the gestures, the costume of Philippe. The long gray overcoat seemed the same he wore the last time I saw him.



I looked at this man intently, impossible to see his face—I coughed loudly—he raised his eyes only a glance—but all sufficient—no longer a doubt. It *was* Philippe, Philippe himself before me.

I heard some one in the corridor. I ran out and met Valerie in a grand toilette of deep grief; she had exchanged her white cotton cap for the high bonnet worn on such occasions.

“Who is that?” I said, dragging her to the window.

“Why don’t you know? That is Monsieur Etienne.”

“What! the good friend and comrade of my boyhood? No, he is too old, that man’s beard is white.”

“Well, do you think yours will grow darker with age?”

“But look at that skull cap, that long gray coat, that big umbrella.”

“They are Monsieur Philippe’s. No doubt he took down the umbrella to protect himself from the sun when crossing the court.”

“When did Etienne arrive?”

“Perhaps last night. I did not receive all the guests—but pardon! I have something to attend to,” then she hurried away.

Etienne, the best friend of my youth, a little starched in his manner, but brave, loyal and true! I had not seen him for a long time. Occupying an important position in a great shipping house at Havre, he had been absorbed in his business, as I had been with mine in Paris.

This funereal circumstance had brought us together the first time in many years.

I rushed down to the court; Etienne had disappeared. Probably he had re-entered the chapel.

Yes, through the wavering light of the wax candles, I vaguely perceived him, kneeling by the side of his brother’s coffin.

I knelt down on the other side and, lowering my eyes, mechanically murmured something like a prayer.

When I looked up Etienne was gone. I followed him very quickly, sure I would see him among the people already gathering in the court, waiting the hour of the funeral.

Some one told me he had just gone out the front entrance. Hastening after him I stumbled against Lisbeth who said, “Oh my cousin! So good of you to come and weep with us over this poor Philippe. Mon Dieu! What a misfortune! Pardon! I scarcely know what I am doing.”

“Have you seen Etienne?” I asked.

“Yes—no—at least, I have not spoken to him. If you need anything to eat, cousin, you will find it in the *salle a manger* ;”



with that she hopped off like a little hen linnet. Her poor brain never could hold more than one idea at a time.

I entered the dining-room; there I found some persons swallowing their coffee in silence or exchanging a few short words in a low tone. Again I was told Etienne had just gone out.

By this time the priest with the grand cross and the choristers in their surplices had arrived—they intoned some Latin—four pall bearers picked up the coffin and the procession was formed according to the consanguinity of the relatives.

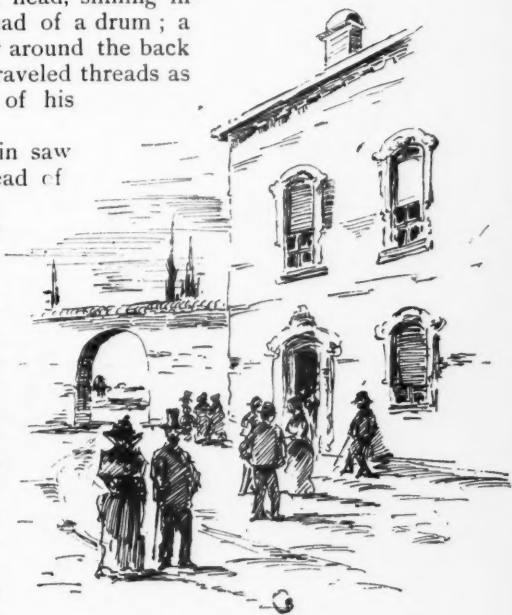
Etienne was at the head, this time in full funeral attire. I was separated from him some distance; I could only see his back and the top of his bald head, shining in the sunlight like the head of a drum; a little fringe of gray hair around the back of his neck looked like raveled threads as it fell over the collar of his black coat.

In the church I again saw him kneeling at the head of the coffin—stiff and immovable as a statued monk.

At the close of the final benediction, all drew near the catafalque. I approached, hoping to get a better view of Etienne's face—it appeared misty and far away, which I attributed to the smoke of the candles. The years had singularly aged him and accentuated his likeness to Philippe—the latter had a great red wart, resembling a ripe strawberry, growing over his left eyebrow—that same wart marked Etienne's brow.

For the youngest son to step into his elder brother's shoes when he dies is all very natural, but to inherit his form, his face! I asked myself how that could be, as we followed the body to the grave, about a hundred yards from the church. I was truly glad when all was ended and I was free to find Etienne.

I saw him at the grave holding his hat before his face to protect him from the sun, but could not get a distinct view of



his features. I saw him again in the pathway leading to the chateau—a group of persons intervened—before I could join him he had disappeared.

I employed the hours before my departure in a regular hunt for my cousin; ran through every room in the house, all the grounds, and every corner of the court. Many told me they had just seen him, but he was gone before I could find him—as evanescent as a will-of-the-wisp.

At last, vexed and weary, I threw myself down on a bench in the park, when I saw him coming toward me with the slow, dragging step of an old man.

"Etienne! Etienne!" I cried, running toward him. He turned and made a gesture with his hand which signified "A moment, and I will be with you," then he disappeared behind a thicket of rhododendrons.

I ran around the opposite side, sure of meeting him face to face.

Nobody there. Etienne had disappeared, evaporated, dissolved!

The heavens were covered with clouds when the carriage came to take me to the station. The magical landscape of the night before was pale and wan seen through the falling rain that made little rivulets trickling down the dusty glass of the windows.

I returned home, worn out in body and bewildered in brain by a day of incomprehensible vexation. Before I went to bed that night I wrote to Etienne, expressing in plain terms my opinion of the way he had avoided me.

Some time after I sent this philippic, a little too virulent, I received an answer.

With the methodical dryness that the habit of commercial correspondence gives one, Etienne wrote:

"NEW YORK, June 15th.

"*My Dear Cousin:*—Your honored favor of the 4th of last May (dated Paris) has just arrived. It contains reproaches of my treatment to you on that day (4th of May) when they buried my regretted brother Philippe.

"The above-mentioned reproaches would pain me exceedingly if I were not able to exonerate myself so completely of every charge.

"Having left Havre on important business for my company, I was in Cincinnati, Ohio, when the telegram announcing the death of my brother was handed me. It had been forwarded from Havre by the direction of my company, and received by me on the 4th of May, the day of the funeral.

"My business in the United States will be finished in a few weeks, then I hope to return to France and will immediately go and offer my sympathy to my sister Lisbeth, who must be very much grieved at her bereavement.

"I hope to have a few hours' liberty and shall not miss the opportunity of seeing you in Paris. In the meantime, I clasp your hand affectionately.

Yours,

"ETIENNE C."

"P. S.—After the above explanation you will see I could not have been in France on the 4th of May. You must have been deceived by some fancied resemblance. To clear your ideas on this point and to confirm the assurance of my affection, I send you my photograph.

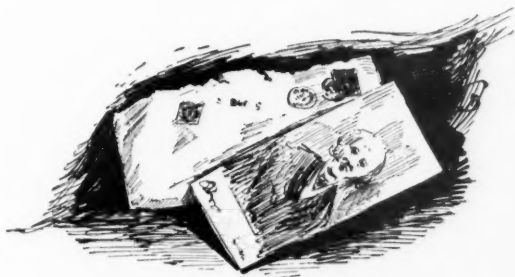
E. C."

The photograph enclosed represented a man slightly gray, but in the full prime of his mental and physical powers.

I minutely examined the face—not the slightest trace of the red wart above the eyebrow. In fact, very little resemblance to "the poor Philippe."

It was then a hallucination, and that hallucination seems to have been shared by more than a hundred persons.

Who can give me the key of this mystery?



## THE REFUGEES.

THEY sailed from lands of snow and ice  
To tropic climes and sunny seas ;  
And on their prow this quaint device  
Was blazoned forth—"The Refugees."  
A merry band of idle hearts  
Who sang in mad despite of time ;  
The tutored sons of all the arts,  
And weavers of the subtle rhyme.

By many a sandy bar they sailed,  
By many a snow-capped mountain height,  
And flags of distant nations hailed,  
And slowly dropped into the night.  
At early dawn they scudded past  
Full many a frozen harbor mouth,  
And lashed to fury by the blast,  
Bore onward to the balmy South.

Past hundred isles of freshening green  
Their light bark like a sea bird flies ;  
Past rocky points that rose between  
Some white-walled city and their eyes ;  
On sped, from daylight unto dark,  
From dark to daylight hour again,  
As if on wings, the painted bark,  
With all its freight of merry men.

And as they skimmed the purple sea,  
By level beach and hills remote,  
A happy song of melody  
Burst forth from every minstrel's throat.  
A warmer wind came from the shore,  
A fragrant breath from hidden bowers,  
That on the wings of morning bore  
The incense of a thousand flowers.

They sang of gray cliffs left behind,  
Of bleak hillsides and polar seas ;  
Of citron groves and streams that wind  
Through flowering tracts of orange trees.  
They watched with longing eyes and fond,  
The blue waves kiss the golden sand,  
And gladly, as the morning dawned,  
They anchored in the summer land.

O merry band of idle hearts,  
 Who sing in mad despite of time,  
 Ye tutored sons of all the arts,  
 And weavers of the subtle rhyme,  
 Sing on! The land is all your own;  
 Its treasures wait to be possessed.  
 Sing on, and ye shall yet make known  
 A song of fire to East and West!

*St. George Best.*

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"THE DEVIL BUSH OF WEST AFRICA."

AT the north end of Liberia, on the west coast of Africa, a beautiful mountain rises out of the sea to the height of 1,060 feet. It seems to have been thrown up by a volcano at some distant period and rose from the bottom of the sea, for just at its base the depth of the sea has not been sounded, and on the east side of the mountain lies a lovely lake, evidently fenced off from the ocean by the uprising of the mountain. This lake is interspersed with many a green island, and over its waters float in lazy flight strange, beautiful birds, with snowy clouds of white storks, crimsoned here and there with the deep color of the flamingo. Through the dense evergreen forest, whose boughs are all woven together by vast unbroken stretches of vines, so deep and dense that the sunlight never reaches the damp earth, flow three rivers into the lake. Along the banks of these rivers and through the depths of these dark woods roam elephants, leopards, bush cows, hippopotami, a great variety of deer, numerous and rare species of monkeys, and many other varieties of game.

It is here that the "Vey" (pronounced "Vi") people have their homes. They are evidently a mere remnant of a once great people; but now have dwindled to a few thousand. They are of a brown or walnut-wood color, with ever fresh live looking skins. In stature they are a little below the medium size, but with a grace and beauty that I have never seen equaled anywhere. Their limbs are small boned, tapering, and as muscular as those of the trained athlete. Their lips are not thick nor heavy, and for the most part open with a pleasant smile. Their foreheads are narrow and high. Their eyes are intelligent and animated, but usually mild or playful instead of sharp or fierce. They have many little arts that have not been discov-

ered by the rest of the tribes on the "West Coast," such as spinning and weaving cloth, working iron, and making silver ornaments; but that which has raised this tribe and set it up above all the tribes of Africa is the fact that they have invented for themselves an alphabet and have a written language among them, entirely in their own characters. One of the strange features about this writing is that some very striking likeness has been found between it and one of the forms of writing in Northern China, so I was informed by one of the representatives of the Philological Society of London. Altogether this little tribe forms a very important study for those interested in the pathway that man treads out of darkness into light, or out of light into darkness. My object, however, at this time is to give the world some idea of one of those mysterious and sacredly guarded institutions for which Africans are so noted, and the schooling in which enabled them to pass through three hundred years of slavery, living, as it appeared to their closest observers, two separate and distinct lives; one, that which was seen and known to the whites, the other, known and understood to the blacks alone. And just here I would say it is the existence of this dual life that has so puzzled the conclusions of that multitude of superficial students who undertook in a day to study, know and write the negro and his disposition, and in so doing started many well-meant efforts to aid them, on principles so utterly false that they soon came down with a crash. To know the negro means much patient investigation both here and in his home in Africa, and then wise comparing of the truths gathered, so as to trace the shaping and molding influences that have wrought this mysterious people into what they are. Of all the institutions among the negroes on the "West Coast" I found none that appeared to exercise more influence over them than the "Devil Bush."

What is the "Devil Bush?" you are ready to ask; and so were we, but the question though asked a thousand times over died away unanswered. At its sound every native would close his lips, and veil even his eyes with an impenetrable expression. We would be walking along a path, when suddenly the guide would stop, point to a small handful of grass taken on each side of the path, bent over and tied across it. That just meant you had to turn back, for a little further on was the "Devil Bush," and to intrude into those sacred precincts meant—ah, well, he never told you what, but from his manner something as terrible as death. Men would bring their children to school, and the more honest and open of them would say, "Daddy, I leave my gal in your hand until time for her to go in 'Devil Bush.'"

Others would give you no such warning, but about the time the girl reached her eleventh year or a little later, she would receive word by a hurried messenger to come at once, her mother or father or grandmother was ready to die, or as they expressed it, "live die." They, of course, left hurriedly, never to return to the mission again save as somebody's wife, after two or three years' absence. Upon asking them why they did not return sooner as they invariably promised to do, the one answer came, "I have been in 'Devil Bush'." Nor was the success with the boys much greater. The nearer a boy was united to a noble family the more certain was he to be torn from the mission on one pretext or another, whether he were willing or not, and once in the confines of that unknowable thing, the "Devil Bush," you would see him no more for months, and sometimes years. Of course this formed one of the gravest hindrances to the efforts of the missionary, for no sooner did he begin to get a hold upon his pupils than they were spirited away. It, therefore, became a matter of first importance to know this "Devil Bush" and to do what we could to utilize or counteract its influences just as they were with or against Christianity. The first man I met who had made any headway was the Rev. David A. D——, a born missionary, full of energy, tact, courage and common sense. Let me say right here, if there is any place under heaven where a fool, indolent, weak, or cowardly man or woman is not of use, that place is the "Foreign Mission field." The Rev. D—— had, by some providential move, gotten the son of the "Queen of the Woman's Devil Bush" into his school. Being a strong, winsome character, the missionary soon won his way into the confidence and love of the boy. As the home of the "Woman's Devil Bush" queen was one hundred and fifty miles interior an opportunity to get this boy and place him in the "Man's Devil Bush" did not occur for a much longer time than usual; the Rev. D—— used this time with all his might, so when the boy was called home the missionary had his heart. In course of time, therefore, came an invitation from this young prince for his old friend to visit them in his home. This invitation was quickly accepted, and soon the missionary stood within the barricade of the town of the "Queen." But this meant nothing, so far as learning the secrets of the organization was concerned. In vain did he seek to ingratiate himself into the favor of the queen; she was very agreeable and very talkative on all subjects save the "Devil Bush," whose mysterious enclosure stood walled-in outside the town. He finally told his old pupil and friend to go and tell his mother he wanted to see inside the "Devil Bush," a request no male African dared make. The answer came back an em-

phatic "No!" But D—— was not to be outdone so easily; he had in his pocket a new, bright silver dollar; this he placed in the hands of the prince as a present to his mother, with the request again repeated, "to see the 'Devil Bush'." Would you believe it? Away back there in the jungle of heathen darkness the dollar charm worked. The queen looked at the glittering coin a while, then took it in her hand and felt it caressingly, an expression of relenting came in her face, and she answered the prince and her court: "He is nothing but a fool American, and has not sense enough to understand it anyway; we will let him in." This seemed to be scoring a success, but it is just such a success as the over-confident white often scores in his dealings with the African heathen. We have not the documents to prove it, but there is still lurking in our minds a strong suspicion that the "Devil Bush" was doctored to suit the occasion, and though the American was far from being the "fool," as she said, he was duped a little on that occasion. After much ceremony he was led into the enclosure, where were gathered hundreds of girls for the training of the institution; these the queen called around her and had form in a large circle; she then took a long whip and made them dance and leap around her, very much as a ring-master of a circus would do. This she protested most solemnly was what she was teaching the girls, and not one other thing could D—— get out of her. Baffled and discouraged, he left the confines where no other man had trod, knowing little more than when he entered. But a strange disclosure came most unexpectedly. Late that afternoon a native from a distance entered the town intoxicated, and began to make quite an uproar; he was remonstrated with and told to keep quiet, for this was the town of the "Queen of the Devil Bush." He swore and told them he cared not for the "Devil Bush" or its queen. He was left undisturbed that night, but early next morning was taken before the queen, who said to him:

"My friend, when you came here last night you were in rum, and you did curse the 'Devil Bush.' Did rum do it, or did you really know what you said, and did you mean it?"

His answer was quick and insolent, saying:

"I meant it, and do not care for your cursed old 'Devil Bush.'"

These words were scarcely out of his lips when he was caught up by four strong women, hurried to an open space in the center of the town, stripped, tied, and so fixed that he could not move. Then many bunches of small rattan splits were brought, and strong, quick and skillful fingers began to wrap his fingers and toes, drawing the splits with all their might. In vain did he plead



for mercy. They knew not the word in the "Devil Bush." On went the wrapping up each finger and toe; then up each hand and foot, more force being put on the splits, as they could hold the limbs firmer and let more women pull the cords. Pleadings broke into groans, groans into cries, cries into shrieks, which D—— said were the most heart-rending he ever heard. On went the wrapping up arms and legs to the body. It was now 12 m. Some five hours had been consumed in this terrible work, and they were getting ready to wrap his body, provided his life remained in him long enough for them to complete the task. At this juncture a friend of the dying man arrived and ransomed him with a great price. Sullenly and slowly they unwound the rattan cords; but, alas, too late! He died at 4 p. m.

Such was the exhibition of the cruel vengeance of the "Woman's Devil Bush," as witnessed by my friend. There are other things ascribed to its members, with considerable probability of being true. It is said that if a man is unusually cruel to one of his wives (for he may have as many as he is able to buy) that the matter is brought before the "Woman's Devil Bush"; the case is tried, and if it is a true one the man is condemned to die; a person is appointed, skilled in the art, to poison him, and in due course of time he dies. The death is made a long and painful or a quick one, according as they wish to inflict greater or less punishment. Again, if the tribe decides to go to war, that declaration of war is not complete until it has been referred to the women and they pass upon and approve it. In addition to these powers that we see cropping out, it is certain that the women are instructed in all the arts that are considered necessary to a good wife and mother, ere she is permitted to leave the "Devil Bush" and be taken by her betrothed husband. Thus it will be seen that this institution is not wholly an evil to man, though it certainly is a "woman's rights" concern, and that with a vengeance.

When I sought information as to the "Man's Devil Bush," I found myself at first completely foiled. It was not until many of the boys grew up and learned to trust me that little by little I gathered the links which, when woven together, gave me some ideas of its mysteries. It is an institution for instructing every man in the tribe as to his duty to the commonwealth. It seems that no one can hold office until he has gone through the "Devil Bush." The diploma is not given on sheep skin, but on that of the graduate by a number of deep scratches from the back of the neck a short distance down the backbone. When these heal they leave rectangular scars raised so as

to be distinctly seen and known. When a boy enters the "Devil Bush" he is stripped, and a most careful examination made of all his scars, and these are noted in the records. It is said that the "Devil" never lets one in his "Bush" get hurt or scarred saved with the diploma mark. This is a most unfortunate assertion and has cost many a life. Should a boy get hurt in any way, it matters not how, he is carefully watched and every effort made to heal him without a scar; but should these efforts fail, and scars be left, those scars seal his doom. He is killed, and his family is notified in the following way: Whenever the inmates of the "Devil Bush" wish to obtain food they disguise themselves so as not to be recognized by any one; they then make a raid on the nearest town, blowing a peculiar note on a trumpet made of an elephant's tusk, with a lizard's skin so stretched over it as to produce weird vibrations. At this sound the inhabitants of the town hurriedly place food out in the streets and entering their houses close their doors, so as not to see the "Devil." The whole raiding party then pass through the town, taking charge of all the food they find, and leaving a broken earthen pot at the door of the mother of the boy who has been killed. That broken pot says: "Your part is spoiled and broken;" or in other words, "Your boy is dead." This is all she ever learns of the fate of her boy; just the story the jagged lips of a broken earthen pot tell. Henceforth she mourns with a great void of heart, facing the deep mysteries of the terrible "Devil Bush."

There is another thing bringing certain death. Should one of the boys chance to see and speak to a woman or girl while he is in the "Devil Bush" (save when he is out on furlough), it is death. This was described to me as follows, by an eye witness:

"We were near the outer border of the encampment one day (I think we were six in number) when suddenly we heard the voices of girls talking; we listened and then all ran away save one boy who recognized the voice of a girl from his own town. He stopped and asked her how all were. He then followed us and we went to the lecture court. The boy told some one that he had heard from home and how he did it. This was soon carried to the "Head of the Devil Bush." The boy was called and made to confess it. So soon as this confession was had the entire company of inmates was assembled, and formed in a circle around a pole lying upon the ground. This pole was about the size of a large telegraph pole, such as we see in cities. Long bamboo ropes were tied to one end of this so that it could be easily raised upright. The boy was led to the end

where the ropes were tied, and then made to hug the pole with both arms and legs, then tied securely in this position. The pole was then lifted perpendicularly by all laying hold of the ropes and pulling steadily ; as it stood the appearance was that of a boy who had climbed to the top of the pole. Then came a moment of awful suspense, all held their breath awaiting the fatal signal from the "Head of the Devil Bush." It was given, and simultaneously every hand let go the ropes ; one instant the pole stood in mid air, then came sweeping to the ground with a dull thud, and all was over. The calculation had been so made as to let the pole fall on the boy, and it had crushed him, body and head, into a lifeless mass. All because he dared to let the outside world hear him speak from the mysterious confines of the "Devil Bush."

Should a girl or a woman chance to wander within the confines of the "Devil Bush" their doom is sealed. They are brought before the "head officer" and examined as to how they chanced to get in there. It makes but little difference what answer they give, they are finally told some of the boys will show them a place to sleep, and that is the signal for them to be led away by any one who pleases, for they are abandoned to the will of the inmates, and left at their mercy with no appeal, until the time for moving the encampment when they are put to death. This, it is said, is done to prevent any woman from ever giving information as to what is within those dreaded confines.

In addition to the regular duties taught every prospective citizen, the accomplishment of the "black arts" is also taught as a post graduate course to those who may select it. How far this approaches the skill of our own sleight of hand performers I can not say, but am told that they do some clever tricks, and have witnessed performances that were sufficiently clever to puzzle me.

Such are the fragments of knowledge I have been able to gather by years of patient trying and waiting, and I leave the reader to judge as to the tremendous influence an institution so superstitious and relentless in its execution must exercise on molding the habits of an unenlightened race, and how difficult it must be to break them up.

*Rt. Rev. C. C. Penick, D. D.*



### RECOLLECTION.

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AFTER the rose is crushed,  
Like a heart that grieves,  
'Tis sweeter than when it blushed  
Amid its leaves.

And sweet are the songs that ring  
Through the silence still,  
When the singer has ceased to sing  
And his lips are chill.

After the sun is set,  
As the daylight dies,  
The gold, like a dim regret,  
Fills the western skies ;

And the time between the night  
And the deeper gray  
Is fuller of sweeter light  
Than a summer's day.

*W. H. Field.*



## THE SWEETNESS OF TRUE POLITICS.

THERE is an element of patriotism which makes of politics a poem. We change our men—our institutions we retain. So does the Anglo-Saxon bring his heritage of stubbornness into the world's arena. Full fronted he meets his enemy, no matter whom ; full fronted he greets his friend, no matter where—the latch-string of his heart outhanging, and the access to it easy. In the flush of his white cheek there is the dawn of freedom, and in the throbbing of his blue blood there is the cadence of a melody that needs no leader to make music for the centuries, and brooks no master but itself. Stern-visaged still, the Puritan stands by the Cavalier, each with the touch of elbow to the other ; each with the ready sword in his right hand, the olive branch as ready in his left. Children of the one race, heirs of the one glory, they are one in tenderness and love and brotherhood.

So close to the birth of our republic, we can not fully understand the sublimity of our own existence as a people. One hundred years is a long time measured by the span of one man's life, it is a little while upon the page of history. The Livy of the future will marvel at what we are to-day, compared to what we were a hundred years ago. We have legends already which some Macaulay, a thousand years hence, will put into stately verse, and philosophers will frame apothegms from our common politics. We are making history, not knowing it, and our victories of peace are greater than any nation has won in war—we conquer ourselves.

Every few days we hear of a revolution somewhere. Somebody proclaims something which nobody understands—not even himself—and then people go to cutting throats as if that were a religious duty. But these United States stand like an epic poem, still, grand, mild, smiling, yet terrible. In other lands some one comes forth with a blare of trumpets and announces a change in government as if he were possessed of Gabriel's horn. Here the people speak, and without bloodshed, without friction, the change is made. The revolution is a revelation of peace ; a stronger bond of union, a closer tie of brotherhood.

Therein rests the sweetness of true politics. It rests, it slumbers, it is dormant and unseen, but it leavens everything. And, in the heart of this, is the life of the grandest nation that the sun has ever shone upon. There is the same blood in every vein and artery, and to every heart throb every citizen of this great republic

is responsive. We have fought among ourselves and made war as war was never made before nor since. It was bloody and destructive and most terrible. Without shame, and with no loss of fame, those who saw the conquered banner furled, forever, have taught their children to revere the old flag which their ancestors followed in the Revolution and the wars which followed it. They and their descendants love that flag to-day, and would not hesitate to die for it. It is the flag of all of us. Who shall say there is no poetry in this brotherhood of men? Poetry is of the heart, not of the lip alone. In the wild storm it exists as much as in the zephyr, and the bended sky is not more beautiful than the sweet violet which has caught its hue from heaven. The wind-swept hillside claims kinship with the moveless crag, and the mountain torrent with the slowly moving river. God made them all, and there is poetry in all of them alike. The storm falls and the sun smiles, the trees bend and the roses blow, it is all one; it is the poetry of nature.

And it is not well to boast of the "good old times." We are getting better in our politics. Despite the war, and the heart-burnings which followed it, we have come to a time when men respect each other truly though they differ in their views. As a nation, and as men, we get better as we get older. When Mr. Clay was in financial difficulties his political and personal friends were willing to assume his liabilities. Governor McKinley of Ohio is now in similar straits, and men who detest his political methods and his tariff policy would give their dollars gladly—if he would let them—to relieve him. The foremost advocate of a policy which is hateful to more than half of the American people can have all his debts paid, without applying to a single friend, if he would accept the favor. And these very men would consider it an honor to relieve him from any monetary trouble, and would vote against him or any of his party measures every time the polls were opened. They differ with his views; they consider him an honest man, and too great a man to leave the service of his country because of money matters. Stagnant water is never pure, and those who disagree with Mr. McKinley must feel his absence from State affairs when they find a vacuum in his place. Nobody wishes him harm; he has had trouble enough from his friends; his enemies would very gladly help him and ask him no return.

Now, is there not some sweetness in a matter of this kind? Jonathan was condemned to die once, if I remember rightly, because he put out his rod and got a little honey on the end of the staff. He was not executed though, even in those barbarous days. And Samson found honey in a lion's mouth. So, out of

the strong cometh sweetness, and in true politics the amenities of civilized life should never be forgotten. We are not brutes nor barbarians. It seemed so in the campaign between Mr. Cleveland and Mr. Blaine, but when Mr. Cleveland ran against Mr. Harrison it was otherwise. Decency has come—let us hope that it has come to stay. In the days of Andrew Jackson there was a scandal about him; Mr. Blaine did not escape the same sort of defamation, and Mr. Cleveland was also assailed. None of these accusations ever changed a vote. There is a force in gentleness that no malice can impair; no venom can poison it. The true heart, the loving soul, is stronger than all the wiles of Asmodeus and his imps.

It is usual to speak of politics as being very corrupt and to call politicians "heelers" and "demagogues." To a great extent this estimate of men and things is well deserved. In political life men do not expect to read their titles clear to mansions in the skies, and politicians are seldom "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease." It is a hard lot for any one, wherein, if the man of fine fiber wins at all, he must win by help of the coarser element. And the coarser element does, so far as voting is concerned, govern politics. They are at the polls, they make themselves heard and felt, while the scholar, the artist, the minister and the doctor, are lamenting the degeneracy of the times, in their own select circles, forgetful of the fact that it is election day.

I knew a somewhat amusing instance of this negligence not long ago. A stockholder in a bank was served with peremptory notice to attend a meeting at the bank. With much indignation and some wonder he went. He had held stock in the bank for many years, had never meddled with its management or let his paper go to protest. To his great surprise he learned for the first time that under the charter of the bank a certain number of shares must be represented in an election of directors. A director having died, it was necessary to fill the vacancy, and it was almost impossible to find votes enough to elect any one. Those whose money was at stake in the bank took so little interest in its affairs that they would not attend a meeting.

It is much this way in politics: those who have the most at stake take least interest in elections. The men of wealth, of property, of standing in the community, are never at the primary and rarely at the ballot box. Oftentimes they give their money to some one, whom they would not allow to cross their thresholds, as a gentleman, to use it for "legitimate expenses." They know perfectly well that it goes into a corruption fund and is used to buy votes. They contribute it for that purpose



and they lie to their own consciences, and lie to their friends when they pretend that it is for any other purpose. This money is used to maintain "headquarters" and to support these same "heelers" and "demagogues" whom the saints—who gave the money—denounce, in luxury, for a time. If they would go to their friends and work, and go to the polls and vote there would be no reason for this contribution. The corrupt of the country are about the same in all parties. Let them alone, and the intellect, the decency, the sober judgment will prevail.

But behind this offsetting of soils there is still a sentiment, a sweetness, which he who stands afar off does not see. Many men in their goodness and righteousness do not see that even the wickedness of the world may become poetical. The priest and the Levite knew little of the wounded man; the good Samaritan who bound up his wounds may have observed some violets blooming in the sod beside him—who knows? So it is in politics. When you come close to the actual "workers" you find among these "heelers" and "ward politicians" a flower of courtesy, a violet of chivalry, as it were, which you never thought could grow in such a soil or bloom in such an atmosphere. Many of these men are faithful and true in their rough way, and with many of them the spoken word is better than the bond of priest or Levite. To each other they are enemies; fairly so, and with full understanding that every scheme of strategy will be in play to beat the other side. They don't mince matters, but when the fight is over the spirit of goodfellowship prevails, and, over a social glass, they tell each other of their wary doings. Each man admires his enemy and is not slow to praise his skill. There is a certain knighthood even in their mutual rascality.

And these men are kind to one another. In trouble they are quick to aid, and poverty becomes a merit with them when the poor man seeks a place. Their hands are always open to give as well as to receive. The Wanamakers of this country could learn many lessons of true charity at the feet of the "ward boss." He is no Gamaliel, but he knows a thing or two which is not noted in our philosophy; and while Mr. Wanamaker will probably be the subject for a Sunday-school book, the "ward boss" will write his history on the hearts of widows and the memories of orphans. Small boys will dutifully take the book that tells of Mr. Wanamaker, and, while they seem to read it piously, will scan the pages of a life of Texas Jack, bought with a hard earned nickel and inserted in its covers. But those whom the "ward boss" has helped will hear of him from decrepit fathers and from mothers whose hands are hard with toil. The pick and shovel will pronounce his name—the



washboard will repeat it. It will not be recorded save in loving hearts and on the books of heaven. A sinner but not a savage; a "heeler" but not a hypocrite; much has he to answer for, but at the bar of heaven the widow and the orphan plead for him. He robbed the people that the poor might live. How shall we balance his account?

Yes, in the lowest politics there is some sweetness. Among the very poor there is self-sacrifice unknown among the rich. The ragged girl who lends her tattered doll to one more wretched than herself gives more than does the millionaire who draws his check for some high-sounding charity. The "heeler" who procures a place for some poor man to scrape the mud or sweep the dust from off the streets does more than many ministers who rail against our politics, and preach against the vices of the poor. "A cup of cold water, in My name," must not be understood too literally. Sometimes the water is as cold as the heart which gives it; sometimes it adds severity to the "winter of our discontent"; sometimes the loaf of bread and the smoking bowl of soup would suit us better. The all-knowing One shall judge us all, so let us all beware, and let us not too harshly judge the "heeler."

Politics is much like a muck-heap, which is malodorous; which keeps its heat all through the snow of winter, and which gives nourishment to the early flowers of spring. Among the alchemists there is nothing debased; what is small is but a foundation for what is great. "As above, so below" is their motto. The infinitely small—the atom—has within itself the whole constituents of a universe. In a grain of sand they claim to see the elements of the world. Through the decay of a leaf they trace the resurrection of the dead. In the storm and the snow drift, in the lightning and the sunshine, they take little delight. But the growth of a plant, the bursting of a bud, the opening of a rose, and the death of the heather on its hillside, give them food for thought. They have followed Nature in her transmutations and have found that death is the only true basis of life, and that sweetness only comes from decomposition.

What is called "purity in politics" will never be. It never was. There were factions against Moses and Aaron among God's chosen people. Joshua had his troubles; Saul had his David, and David his Absalom. The two sons of Eli wanted to obtain the government in their father's life. Ehud and Samuel and Samson and Joab were politicians in their day; and Achitophel could have managed ward meetings in Jerusalem as well as any of our modern "heelers," or "bosses."

Human nature then was just as it is now, but political methods were somewhat different. Saul threw a javelin at David and Absalom was thrust through with a dart while he hung by his hair from a tree. Eli died of heart failure, and Joab had a pleasant way of taking his enemies by the beard, and under the pretense of kissing them stab them under the fifth rib. He knew where to strike and kill. But there were some amenities in politics even then. David loved Jonathan, and the crippled son of him, and all his family, were honored when David came to the throne. And the son of Bathsheba succeeded David as the king of Israel, in preference to the rightful heir.

The Orient has its legends, its parables we can not imitate ; its fables breathe of the east wind and the poppy, we dream of it vaguely, as a land of swaying cypresses and gardens redolent with blooming roses. The skies smile and the breezes kiss you into languorous idleness. Treacherous and sensual, the man of Asia fronts the woman of Asia, who has never felt the sifting snow upon her heart. Odin and Balder they know not of ; Zeus and Adonis will have their ancestors known. Justice is a flower that does not grow beneath their skies. Truth and mercy and peace they do not know. Yet by the sea of Galilee there was some sweetness in politics, and the pools of Siloam have reflected, oftentimes, the shadow of clasped hands.

But is there any true politics in the old world ? Not in the Orient alone but anywhere ? Is there among the people more than a dream of their rights ? In Persia and in Turkey there is death ; in China is formality ; in Thibet, superstition ; Japan has thoughts of progress ; in Russia the iron hand clasps with its mailed glove, the bomb of dynamite and the White Czar whispers " Siberia " to the anarchist. Greece is the plaything of the powers, and Scandinavia has forgot its scalds. Switzerland shrinks to its fields of ice, and Italy knows not where its allegiance is—whether to Pope or King. Austria leans on the shoulder of Germany while Bismarck growls like a wakened watch-dog at the crazy Kaiser. Spain looks for olives on dead trees and plants her vines on rocks whose soil was washed away long centuries ago. France throbs and does not know the reason of her heart-beats, and England gives to Ireland a kind of freedom which even Gladstone does not understand. Holland keeps her roads clean and her canals diked, and Belgium watches for the cholera germ. They all face each other with armed bands ; they wait to slay and be slain ; they invent engines of destruction ; with pale faces and blanched lips the nations look for the smoke of the first gun, while the people tremble. What politics have they ?

With us, though, there are questions of statesmanship to settle. This great country needs have no fear of any one, and seeks no quarrel anywhere. All Europe could not conquer us, nor do we care to meddle in their conflicts. It is enough that we can keep the peace and protect our own when necessary. We have smiling slopes on the Eastern hillsides and gold and silver in the West. The tasseled corn and the billowy wheat are ours. Ours are the forges and the coal mines, the factories and foundries. With the buzz of spindles and the stroke of hammers all about us, we need not fret if kingdoms change and dynasties are overthrown. The great giant among nations, we can afford to sit still and watch the troubled waters.

So all our politics must be at home. And the true politics is to look for the general good, and then act for the right. We differ in our views, and it is well we do. There must be two thoughts—two ideas—on every subject, and there should be in politics. Otherwise how should we know the right and wrong of things? And the sweetness of true politics depends on this. If there were only one idea, and that one ironclad, how should there be any amenities of life? If all men thought alike there would be no discussion; if all men dreamed the same dreams there would be little use in telling them. Let us differ and differ decently.

Thank God, in this great land we can differ decently! Mr. Harrison can sit by the side of Mr. Cleveland while he delivers his inaugural address; Mrs. McKee can provide a lunch for Mrs. Cleveland before she leaves the White House. There is no need of cannon and bayonets to change our Government; and those who go out have no heart burnings, and those who come in no haughtiness. There is no need for tribunes of the people; they have a tribune in the person of the President. There are no consuls to be chosen, no Cincinnatus to be called from his plow, no Rubicon to be crossed, and no Cæsar to cross it. Was there ever such a republic on the earth? If there was we know not of it.

The elections of last November were a surprise to most of us. Hope is oftentimes the handmaid of our judgment; much oftener she is the deceiver of our reason. In this case she was herself deceived, for no one on the Democratic side expected such a victory. It came, and came with a force much due to gentleness. Men voted as they pleased; and they pleased to be brothers instead of enemies. In all the great North and the growing country of the West they showed that a new generation had come. They said that we were one people and that one heart-beat thrilled us all. Mr. Harrison, in

the matter of Chili, had demonstrated that fact completely. He goes out of office with honor and respect, without the stain of scandal on him, loved by the people whom he ruled. Wisely and properly he left some matters for his successor to decide. Decently, and as became him, he departed from the office he had filled so well. And he is now a private citizen as you and I are—nothing more.

In what other country could this occur? Among what other people could such a state of things exist? We do not understand ourselves, nor appreciate the wonderful system of government which we have. Of course our politics is corrupt. There are parties and party men who spare no pains to beat the enemy. But back of them all, and behind them all, and in them all, the true sentiment abides. When the fight is over the Tammany tiger will lie down beside the Republican "spell-binder" and there will be no growling. It is true politics to fight until the fight is finished—it is just as true politics to love one another when the fight is over. Bad enough is the business of politics at any rate, but it would be worse were there not some flowers blooming in its midst. Let us not think of it as worse than it is. Let us not condemn the politician as a brute nor speak of the "heeler" as a hound. Both have their virtues—both have their vices—and to both, as to all of us, comes with the breath of heaven, now and then, some aroma of the blowing clover and the new mown hay.

*J. Soule Smith.*





### APART.

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A LONE, alone, and longing, love, for thee,  
With throbbing heart and pulses quick and strong ;  
With eyes that soften, all too tenderly,  
When I recall thy words, thy touch ; the long,  
Sweet, happy hours, when in that quiet room—  
The noontide fading into evening's glow—  
We lingered on, content, until the gloom  
Of gathering shadows warned us we must go.

So happy then, and now so far apart—  
O fateful word to those who love and pine !  
Yet distance can not tear us heart from heart,  
Nor separation break my life from thine.  
We are possessed by such restless power  
That fate itself unto our will shall bow,  
And heaven hasten on the crowning hour  
When sweeter joys reunion shall allow.

Until that time, dream on, dear love, of me—  
And to my trust thy life keep ever true ;  
Nor fear thee, sweetheart, for my constancy.  
Yet, act not as too sure ; but plead and sue  
In many letters—writ with poet's art—  
That distance shall not chill nor time destroy  
The love which thou hast found within my heart—  
Life's gold, refined of every base alloy.

*Lee C. Harby.*



## HILDA.



On a plateau of the Cumberland, where flowers blow and birds sing, in sight of distant sun-kissed peaks and green smiling valleys, nestled the quaint little village of Wartburg. It is probable that the locality suggested the name to the colony of Germans who, in 1828, pitched their tents there, for the resemblance to the ancient town of the Fatherland, where Luther translated the Bible, is striking.

The years have stolen on and left it all unchanged. In the cottages along the narrow, crooked streets, one still hears the drowsy whirr of the spinning-wheel, the clatter of the hand-loom, and the persistent tap, tap, tap of the shoemaker as he drives the pegs in his clumsy shoes. Each day "the hack," a much abused vehicle, owned by Pete Baker and drawn by a pair of mules, rumbles away to and from Kismet (a railway station four miles distant), and now and again

from this same station sounds the whistle of a locomotive, but it comes faint and wavering as though loth to disturb the restful stillness of the place. The arrival of Pete, with an occasional passenger, causes the one ripple from the outside world that breaks the placid monotony of these simple lives.

Upon this August day, as the hack jolted by, the doors and windows of each small dwelling and shop were filled with more than their complement of curious humanity, while in front of the hotel, a rambling frame structure, where Pete drew rein, the loungers, one and all, indulged in a democratic stare at Derrick Milton, the sole occupant. He, the only son of a rich New York merchant, had left home a few weeks before and was wandering about in a desultory way, when chance, in the guise of a freight wreck which detained his train near Kismet, and his own roving propensities, took him to Wartburg. Under the guidance of the ubiquitous small boy he reached Jake Berger's farm, and secured board there for the period of his stay.

"Uncle Jake," for so he was styled by his neighbors, was of German descent on his father's side, but had inherited the cadaverous "Cracker" build of his mother. Arrangements having been concluded, Derrick took the chair vacated by the old farmer, who had gone to feed the cow, and tilted it at its accustomed angle back against the gallery rail. His was a very pleasant face; closely cropped brown hair, a silky mustache shading a well formed mouth, and a pair of blue-gray eyes, a trifle too close together. He had just passed his twenty-seventh birthday, as he sat there watching the lengthening shadows and listening to the merry tinkle of cow bells, whose wearers, with stately tread, were seeking their respective homes.

"I wonder what the governor would say to this," he soliloquized, lighting a cigar. "It's the rarest, dearest old spot in America, and picturesque beyond everything."

Suddenly he heard voices near him, and at the same moment saw a young girl leaning on the front gate, in earnest conversation with a man outside. "Lige," she was saying, "ye air the best man I ever see, an' er heap too good fur me. Why can't ye forgit me?"

"Ye ain't like nobody else 'bout heah, Hildy," he replied. "We don't 'pear to onderstand ye."

"I don't know what it be," rejoined the girl. "It even seem like mother an' pap 'u'd be easier 'thout me, fur I ain't never ben no comfort to 'em. Thar ain't never ben no place fur me, no whar."

Lige had long been accustomed to Hilda's fits of despondency, and according to his wont he made no attempt at argument, but took her proffered hand in both of his, pressed it gently and strode away, leaving her alone with her complaints. In a blind, groping fashion Lige, too, realized that Hilda's life on the little farm was wanting in much that was essential to her happiness. When they were married he would take her away, he resolved to-day, for, despite her capricious moods, no doubt ever entered Lige's big, honest heart about the final issue of his courtship. Most women were strange, unaccountable creatures, and Hilda, with her radiant beauty and untamed fancies, was only, as was natural, a little more so. As for himself—his grimy old shop at Wartburg (where he shod an occasional horse or put a tire on some superannuated wheel) was transformed into a veritable Aladdin's palace, when Hilda, as she sometimes did, came silently to the door, and watched, with her great black eyes, his brawny arm wield the big hammer that sent the sparks skurrying from the iron on the anvil. Hilda liked him better so; she admired his manly strength, and he, too, felt more at ease, his habitual timidity giving place to a protecting tenderness.

It was not until breakfast the next morning that Derrick and Hilda met. She sat opposite him at the poverty-stricken family board, a shabby little affair, innocent of table-cloth or napkins, that balanced itself unsteadily upon its attenuated legs.

"This ain't like what ye be used to, stranger," said Uncle Jake, with jocose familiarity, his mouth full of buttermilk and cornbread.

"Po' folks mus' do like they has to and not like they wants to," remarked his wife, with asperity.

The formality of an introduction had not been considered necessary, so Hilda sat with downcast eyes, eating little and saying nothing.

"Ye wouldn't think it, I reckon," said the mother, following Derrick's glance as it rested on her daughter's face. "Thar ain't a gal on the mounting ez can't turn they hands to mo' work 'an her."

A faint flush fluttered up into the girl's olive cheeks as she raised her eyes appealingly.

"She be right handy with her needle, an' she ken set an' spell outen er pictur book by the hour," rejoined the father, "but book larnin' 'll never put no bread in her mouth, nor milk the cow fur her mother."

"Don't be too hard on Miss Hilda," Derrick said, bridling at the indelicacy of the remarks. "We are eating our white bread now, so let us be happy, if we can."

His unexpected championship, so fittingly accorded, touched some hidden chord in the breast of this child of nature, that vibrated and thrilled through all her being, bringing tears to her eyes and a pathetic little droop to the corners of her mouth. Hers had been a heritage of hard words and reproving looks. Her vain efforts at self-instruction, her hopeless striving to rise above the dead level of her surroundings, her longing for congenial companionship, were as sealed books to the stolid, plodding natures with whom she dwelt. Lige had never wavered in his allegiance, and regarded her as some superior being not to be judged by the rules that govern less fortunate humanity.

"Poor girl," said Derrick an hour later, thinking aloud to himself, as he sketched a bit of landscape framed by the garden gate. "She is fighting against fate, and that's a hopeless business."

In the garden, far back of where the artist sat, Hilda was gathering beans. She had entered by an opening in the back fence and all unknown to Derrick, as her deft fingers sought the crisp green pods, her eyes were fixed upon him. She was very beautiful, in her coarse blue homespun frock, as she flitted



hither and thither in the sunlight, each curve of her lissome figure defined against the somber green background, her dark hair clustering about her brow, and her cheeks aglow with the heat.

"I wish Lige looked like that," she whispered under her breath, pausing in her work.

Upon entering his room after dinner Derrick found on the table by his bed a little cracked vase filled with roses. This mute witness of Hilda's presence was more eloquent than words and caused his heart to pulsate in a way he did not care to analyze. Perhaps a braver, nobler man might have realized the danger to the girl, but as to Derrick Milton, he saw only the possibility of a summer flirtation.

So the days sped by, and Hilda's shyness, like a garment, had slipped from her, leaving bare her guileless heart in all its virginal purity.

"My life here is quite idyllic," wrote Derrick to a friend in New York, "with unlimited opportunities for a quiet flirtation. I go for the cows with Hilda (my fair innamorata), and tear my hands and clothes picking blackberries to be made into flabby pies."

In the seclusion of the old shed kitchen Mrs. Berger and her "good man" built air castles without number. They were shaky little structures, to be sure, with very hazy outlines. "Stranger things is happened," said Uncle Jake, dwelling on possibilities.

"So they is," reiterated his wife, lifting the pot of cabbage from the crane, "an' he do seem powerful proud to keep company 'long o' her."

There was little thought for Hilda's future in all these plans—she was but the means to attain their end. In the meanwhile, many an ominous shake of the head followed her and Derrick in their quiet strolls, and busy tongues were quick to predict the misery and disgrace that they averred must be the outcome of such association.

One evening as Lige stood pumping the bellows of his forge a rippling laugh caught his ear, and in another instant Derrick and Hilda were on the threshold of the shop.

"I brought Mr. Milton to see ye, bein' ez we war passin' by," she said, smiling. "But what do make you look so glum?" Lige did not advance to meet them, and acknowledged the introduction merely by an ungracious nod of the head. He pumped on savagely at his bellows, and the glowing coals threw weird, uncanny shadows in the corner where he stood.

"Hildy," he said, suddenly, "hadn't ye better be goin'? It's er good piece to walk, and it's gittin' late."

"I better go, and not come back no mo', ef thet's the way ye talk," retorted the girl, affecting to pout.

"I be sayin' it fur yo' own good," he answered gravely, "an' ef——"

His visitors had gone while he spoke, and at the little window above his anvil he stood watching them until the flounce of Hilda's gown fluttered out of sight. A sickening spasm of pain clutched at his heart, and he clenched his fists in impotent rage.

After leaving the blacksmith shop, Derrick found himself, without knowing just why, in a decidedly ungracious mood. Lige's air of proprietorship regarding Hilda had nettled him more than he cared to confess. They had walked on a while without speaking.



"Are you going to marry that fellow?" he asked, abruptly breaking the silence.

"No," answered Hilda honestly, with a vague unrest in her fawn-like eyes; "I don't love Lige like thet."

"Do you love any one else?" he inquired, lessening the distance between them. She made no reply, but nervously tied and untied the ribbons of her large straw hat. "Tell me, Hilda," he pleaded earnestly, trying to look into the averted face; "do you love any one else?"

He was close beside her now, and the caress of her breath on his cheek, the scent of the roses at her throat, intoxicated him. His heart beat with sudden excitement—he vaguely realized that some hour of fate had come. He gazed at her with burning, covetous eyes—the sweep of the long dark lashes, the curve of her lips, the rich tints of her skin, all seemed to

him lovelier than ever before. The very certainty that he dare not marry her was but an added allurements. He leaned nearer still and caught her slim wrists with his fingers. "Tell me, little one," he murmured.

"Why?" she asked faintly.

A curious fascination seemed to paralyze her will, and her lithe body swayed toward him with an irresistible impulse. "What makes ye want to know?" She strove feebly to draw away from him, but he bent nearer—yet nearer, and encircled her in his arms, that seemed as strong as iron.

"You love *me*, Hilda," he whispered so low that it scarce stirred the air. "Am I right?" he urged, still holding her against his heart, and pressing a long, passionate kiss on her lips.

Suddenly there came a sharp, crackling sound like the snapping of dry twigs close beside them, and as Derrick sprang in the direction of the noise he descried the rapidly retreating figure of a man appearing and disappearing among the trees. Dusk had closed about them, and the air was very still.

"I believe that was Lige," said Hilda, looking puzzled.

"Are you sure?" asked Derrick in genuine alarm.

"I think so," she answered, hesitatingly, trying to read his face.

"I suppose," continued Derrick, "like the sneak that he is, he has followed us all the way, and was in time to see me make a fool of myself just now when I kissed you."

There was a hard, cold ring in the usually well modulated voice and a threatening frown between his pointed brows.

"Lige never meant to do no harm," the girl faltered courageously, stung by the abuse of her absent lover.

Derrick had been rudely awakened from his brief dream, and felt that an underhanded advantage was being taken of him. But Hilda's gentle submission touched his better nature and made him repent of his harshness. Despite all effort to shake it off, however, he was seized with a vague, inexplicable dread—to have his footsteps hounded by this jealous young blacksmith boded no good, and he learned too late, as he looked into the depths of those dark, trustful eyes, how he had knitted every fiber of Hilda's maiden heart to his. With a protecting gesture that he could hardly explain, he caught her little brown hand and held it in his own as they continued their walk. A sweet soothing hush seemed to cling about the great, solemn trees above them, and there was no sound save the murmur of the wind through the distant pines.

Derrick slept fitfully through the long night and when the

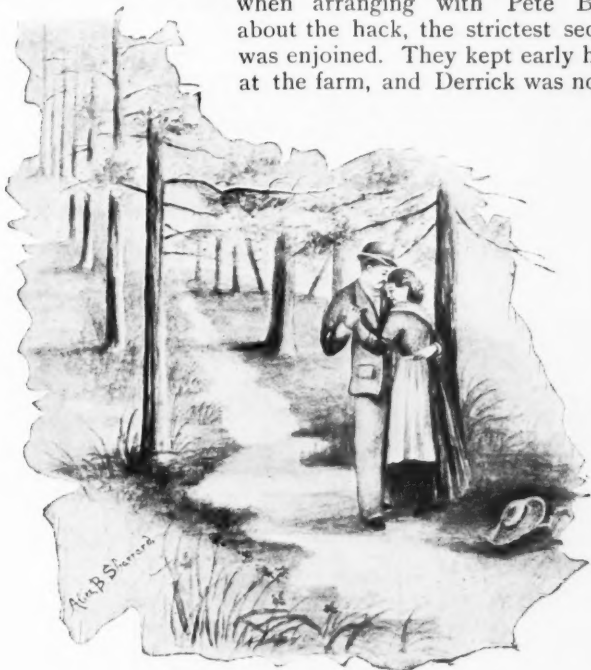
first streaks of the gray dawn began to sweep the shadows from the sky, he arose and dressed himself. He would find Pete Baker and arrange to catch the up train that evening. Deep in thought and heedless of his route, he went out through the old front gate, into the wood beyond—on—on—like an unquiet ghost in the dim semi-darkness. A faint roseate flush was tingeing the east when he came in sight of the stile leading into the cornfield beyond. The road had grown suddenly familiar, and he remembered with quickening pulse how the evening before in the twilight he and Hilda had rested there. The recollection of that moment of temptation left a sense of uneasiness—of insecurity—upon him. His soul seemed to shrink within him at the deception he was practicing—perhaps she might have loved Lige, except for him. As he reached the spot he paused, amazed at finding what he had not before observed—on the top step of the stile the form of a man—his elbows on his knees, his face buried in his hands, and a look of unspeakable melancholy about him. It was not until he had been twice accosted that he raised his head, and in the half-light of the morning, the drawn, haggard features, the hollow, expressionless eyes, seemed only the wraith of the vigorous young blacksmith he had so lately seen. More than ever he realized the enormity of his wrong-doing, and stood there unmanned and silent, dreading to go and scarcely daring to remain.

"I hev a few words ez I'd like to speak with ye," said Lige, clearing his throat with an effort; "will ye set down a minute? Ye see—" he spoke slowly, with a pause between his words—"when ye lef' the shop along o' her, an' it war so late, too, I didn't like the looks o' things. Ye war a stranger to her, 'most ez much ez to me, an' when I see ye turn the corner, an' ye er ketchin' holt o' her arm, why I jist slapped on my ole hat an' followed ye. It wa'n't thet I hed no doubt 'bout Hildy, though" (with a gesture of defiant pride), "I'd trust her to the ends of the yearth, but thar ain't no bird in all these woods no inno-center nor her. I couldn't tell what ye war sayin', but when I see ye kiss her—" his voice had grown dry and husky, and his words were barely audible—"thar war murder in my heart. I knowed then she war yourn, an' I wanted to fell ye to the groun', in yo' tracks thar, while she war with ye, an' let her see the blood on yo' purty white face."

Derrick arose from his seat with a start. "Set down," urged the blacksmith. "Thar ain't no danger now. Somethin' 'peared to hol' me back from doin' it, an' I jist turned an' run till I come to this heah ole crossin', whar I ben ever sence. I don't low to keep ye waitin', but thar be jist one mo' word ez

I want to say. When she be up yander in that big city 'long o' you, don't let no harm come to her. She mebbe mought not ack like them fine ladies, but she ken 'easy l'arn, an' ef she sometimes git to hankerin' arter the ole home up on the mounting, ye'll let her come back fur a spell? Hildy ain't useter bein' caged, an' fine houses don't allus mek folks happy." He did not even look towards Derrick again, but descended the stile stiffly, step by step, and strode across the field to his shop.

The contemplated departure had not been mentioned, and when arranging with Pete Baker about the hack, the strictest secrecy was enjoined. They kept early hours at the farm, and Derrick was not to



start until they were all in bed, so that the next day he would be well on his way to Cincinnati before his absence was noted. As the morning wore on, he busied himself in his room, collecting his belongings, packing his valise, etc., and when dinner was over, he threw himself across his bed to snatch an hour's rest. He awoke with a start to find the broad shafts of the setting sun slanting through the window, and opening the door he almost ran against Hilda who sat sewing in the dim old passage. He paused and spoke to her, feigning interest in her work. There

was an insinuating tenderness in his voice, a caressing deference in his manner that was almost intoxicating, and Lige's blunt devotion seemed insipid by contrast. His face was close to hers, she could feel his breath warm on her cheek.

"Come with me for a walk," he urged. "I have something I must tell you."

The sun had slipped behind a cloud, and the air hitherto so still was suddenly vibrant with the whirl of insects. Up the mountain side came the wind with mournful sweep, sighing through the pines, while faint in the distance a dove cooed for its mate.

"Do you know, Hilda," he began, studying her face as he spoke, "I will have to be going home soon—very soon, I'm afraid?"

"I'll be ready 'most any time," she answered blushing; "thar ain't much fur me to do."

This was a contingency Derrick had not considered, for the subject of marriage had never been mentioned between them. The avowal of the truth arose to his lips, but staid unspoken. His lack of courage sought refuge in delay.

"You could not go with me, dear," he faltered, taking her hand. "You see, the money belongs to my father, and I can't marry without his knowledge and consent." A quiet, wistful expression stilled her face. He hardly knew what he said. "It isn't I couldn't come back for you afterward," he continued, "when—when—but you must be brave, and wait for me."

He knew that each word he uttered was false, but the hours until his departure had to be bridged over somehow, and time, the great healer, would do the rest.

"An' *will* ye come back to me?" she asked, her lips trembling, and a vague terror stealing into her eyes. "*Will* ye?" she pleaded, "will ye promise not to forgit me?"

"How could I forget you, little one?" he answered evasively. "And you are going to be patient until I come?"

"Yes, I'll try," she said, with a sob in her voice. "Thar ain't nothin' I wouldn't try fur you."

Had she confronted him with reproach, indignation, anger, his task would have seemed easier, but this mute suffering was appalling. They walked on together, Hilda struggling hard to be calm.

"Some folks 'll be glad to know ye hev lef' me behine," she announced presently, with a touch of pathos in her tone. "They 'low ez ye never meant ter marry m'e, an' they says ez I ain't fine 'nough fur sech ez you."

Her voice was tremulous, but it bore in it no trace of re-

proach to him. Doubt meant disloyalty in her simple creed, and her love and trust went hand in hand. Derrick was stung by the truth of what she said, but he made her no reply. Being hard hit on all sides, he had reached a point where to retreat was dangerous, to advance, impossible. The sky had suddenly grown dark and overcast, and at intervals the rolling of distant thunder echoed dismally through the trees. Great drops of rain, like *avant-couriers* to the coming storm, sped swiftly through the air. Derrick was glad of an excuse to return to the house; he felt himself wronged—misused by fate. They were hurrying homeward when Hilda broke the silence:

"It hev come so suddent like," she begun, with modest insistence in her dark eyes. "I allus 'lowed ye war goin' to tek me with ye, an' now—" there was a catch in her voice, her lips quivered, her face paled, when with the abandon of despair, she threw her arms about his neck and clung to him as though she would never loose her hold. "Tek me with ye," she moaned. "I can't live 'thout ye, an' I won't be no trouble. I'll die ef ye don't come back."

Derrick soothed her as though she had been a little child, but he seemed to have lost his habit of falsehood. He breathed heavily, his eyes burned, his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth. A more keen-sighted woman would have read confusion on his face. Hilda was satisfied. She smiled and was silent, while the rain drops fell on her uncovered head. At last, she spoke, very caressingly, in her low, characteristic drawl:

"I will wait ontel ye come fur me," she whispered timidly, touching his hand with hers.

The supper bell was ringing as they entered the gate, and Uncle Jake in his shirt sleeves stood on the gallery waiting for them.

When Derrick went to his room that night he paced the floor in a very uncomfortable frame of mind. What should he do? Write Hilda the truth?—he had not dared tell it her. He looked at his watch and found that the hack was due, then in desperation he snatched a card from his pocket and scrawled in shaky characters upon it: "Forgive me for leaving you so. Will write when I reach home." He addressed it to Hilda and left it on the table where it lay, near the lamp.

When breakfast was ready the next morning Derrick did not appear, and it was not until she had satisfied her own appetite that Mrs. Berger sent Hilda to inquire after him. When she reached the room she found the door ajar. She knocked twice without receiving a reply, and was seized with an unaccountable



terror. She peered in—the room was empty, the bed untouched. Like some hunted wild thing she sped across the floor, her breath coming and going in shuddering gasps. "He's gone! He's gone!" she cried, and throwing out her arms, fell, mute and senseless, like a broken flower. She found herself lying upon Derrick's bed when consciousness returned, and the old familiar odor of cigars hung lingeringly about the room. Some one has said "the life of a woman who loves must be one long pardon." Hilda felt no bitterness toward her recreant lover, only hopeless, consuming yearning to be with him again, to listen to the magic of his voice. He seemed always near her, and in the stillness of the little room, at times, she started up in the darkness, thinking he had touched her.

There was neither sympathy nor tenderness in the hearts of her parents for a daughter who had let fate deal them and her such a blow.

"Come, this won't do," said Mrs. Berger in rasping tones; "layin' in bed starvin' won't fetch him back ag'in."

Hilda raised herself with a supreme effort, and through the pallor and misery of her face there came a momentary flash of anger—a momentary flash of the old perverse spirit.

"He's comin' back, an' I knowed he hed to go," she cried, defiantly.

The next morning as she stood before the bit of old looking glass brushing her hair, a burst of cool, fresh air swept in through the open window, caught up Derrick's card from the table where it had lain unseen and sent it fluttering against Hilda's skirt where it nestled gently like some white winged messenger of hope.

"He ain't forgot me, he's goin' to send me a letter," she whispered a moment later, ecstatically clasping the bit of pasteboard to her heart.

The day wore on, and her mother marveled to hear Hilda singing at her work. In all of her joys and sorrows, hopes and disappointments, she had been like a little brown thrush, without a voice, but she sang now—a weird, wordless song, with a mental refrain as glad as rippling water.

Three months dragged out their weary length, but the letter did not come. Poor child, her knowledge of geography was dim and hazy, and New York seemed scarcely less distant than the antipodes. Her faith in her lover—the faith that is granted only to the pure and innocent—had never wavered. She believed in his truth, unquestioningly, boundlessly, as she did in the mercy of God, but the time was very long, and she was tired—oh! so tired of the dull, joyless days.



As she entered the dingy old postoffice, the kindly-faced postmaster was sorting out the mail. While Hilda stood waiting for him, she heard one of the loungers say to another, "New York air a fur place, an' it teks two days an' a night to git thar." "New York—two days an' a night!" She hardly comprehended their meaning, but the words kept ringing in her ears, burning their way to her brain.

"I'm sorry, honey, but it ain't come," said the postmaster, looking over his glasses.

"Do you think it hev ben lost?" the girl asked feebly, catching hold of the counter for support. Her voice sounded shrill and piping, like that of a sick child, and a nameless terror was creeping into her eyes.

"It ain't never ben sent, I'm feared," said the old man, very gently.

Her face looked drawn and white, as she turned it for an instant toward him, then she staggered out of the room, heedless of remark—unseeing, her little hands extended helplessly before her, as though groping in the dark. Derrick might all this time be sick—he might be —. Tearless and cold, like a thing of stone she sank on her knees down among the falling leaves and seeding grasses, under the oak tree where they had stood, she and Derrick, that last evening. She was not surprised at finding Lige near her, though she had not seen him when he paused in his solitary walk and hastened to her side. He had always been good to her, and it seemed but natural that he should be with her now. He was watching her with a very agony of longing and pity, and appeal in his eyes. She did not speak just at first, but held her hands up to him, as a suffering child might have done to its mother. Poor Lige! It was like dissecting his own heart, to sit there in the twilight, trying to comfort the girl he loved, over the absence of another man.

"Oh! Lige," she moaned at last, "ef I could only go to him, he'd git well then."

"How do ye know he air sick, ef ye ain't never hearn from him?" he asked with blunt directness.

"How do I know?" she repeated desperately. "Thet ain't like ye, Lige; can't ye understand? He put it on the paper ez he'd write, an' he ain't done it, an' he's layin' sick up yander—thet's the reason. He'll git well when I find him, an' I be goin', Lige, even ef I hev to walk."

"Do ye love him so much ez that, Hildy?" asked the blacksmith, almost startled at the sound of his own voice. They had risen to their feet, and she stood beside him, her slim, girlish figure *en silhouette* against the darkling sky.

"Ef I knowed it 'u'd kill me to go to him, I'd go all the same—thet's the way I love him," she replied, looking dreamily upon the gathering darkness.

"Then ye must go to him," said Lige firmly. "I hev got a little laid by, an' I'll be so proud to give it to ye, Hildy, an' ef the man ez wants the shop teks it, I'll soon be leavin' heah, too."

"Ye air good to me, Lige," the girl replied softly, as though awaking from a dream. "Ye allus war."

He left her at the gate, and retraced his steps to his lonely little shop.

"I pray to God thet I be doin' right to let her go," he said, as he unlocked his door.

"Lige hev promised to tek me with him to Kismet, this mornin'," said Hilda two days later, a faint flush stealing into



her pale cheeks. Then the flush died away, and she stood with a strange light in her dusky eyes, looking at her parents. It was only for an instant, when, with an impulse she could hardly define, she sprang to her father's side, threw her arms about the old man's neck, and burst into a passion of tears. "Pap," she sobbed brokenly, "ye an' mother ain' never 'peared to set much sto' by me, but ye two air all I hev got. Ye wouldn't b'lieve no harm o' me, no matter what folks says, would ye, pap."

"Don't never do no harm, an' folks won't hev no call to say naught ag'in ye," he replied, not ungently.

"Well, ez fur me," ejaculated Mrs. Berger, eyeing her

daughter suspiciously, and accenting her words with vicious little chops at the meat on her plate, "I 'u'd wash my han's o' ary gal ez gits her name in everybody's mouth. What air ye waitin' thar fur, an' what air the matter with ye, anyhow?"

"Goodbye, pap, goodbye, mother," Hilda said sadly, looking in upon them from the narrow hall.

A few moments later, with a little bundle hidden under her shawl, she stole out of the house, and away. She saw her father in the distance, with an ax on his shoulder, shambling off to the wood pile, and down by the barn, her mother was milking the cow. She left Bounce at the front gate where he sat howling dismally.

"He'll miss me mo 'an any of 'em, 'cept Lige," she thought as heard him, and then she was gone—out among the brown, drear fields, into the freshness of the young day, into the wind that came up the mountain side, kissing her cheek as it passed. On the hill where the path broadened and turned she looked back once more at the only home she had ever known. It stood out grim and forbidding against the bright-hued foliage, as gray and colorless as her young life had been there.

After buying her ticket there were only five dollars left—only five dollars between this fragile girl and want and misery, and perhaps shame, in that great unknown city. But Lige's ignorance was scarcely less dense than her own, and he gave her the money, which she took mechanically, with her eyes fixed on the incoming train. It was too late to falter now, but her courage was all gone. Lige laid her bundle on the seat beside her and was hurrying out of the car, when he suddenly turned back.

"Ef any thing should happen an'—an'—ye—should need me, Hildy," he whispered hoarsely, "sen' fur me"—then he was gone, and the train moved swiftly away.

Hilda felt a tightening about her throat and she closed her eyes to hide the gathering tears, but she remembered that each throb of the big engine, each revolution of the busy wheels was bearing her nearer to the man she loved—could she ask more? Only a little patience and all would be well. She slept and dreamed, waked, and dreamed again. It was all a vague blending of light and darkness—of hope and pain.

"Jersey City," screamed the brakeman, putting his head in at the door, and in another moment Hilda found herself on a boat, along with the other passengers, moving rapidly across the river. Then there were whistles blowing, bells ringing, lights flashing, people shouting and pushing—it was terrible. She stood still an instant, dismayed by the noise, the din, the

confusion of it all—alone in the great metropolis—in the crowd, but not *of* it, a slight girlish figure in her blue print gown, trying not to sob aloud at her own desolation.

Helplessly, heedlessly she wandered on. At last she felt she must be nearing her destination, for the streets were broad and bright with myriads of lights, and the great stone houses seemed to reach to the sky. Derrick had told her of his home and it must surely be somewhere near. But it all looked so alike, and she dared not stop the hurrying people who passed to ask.

"Is this heah yo' house, mister?" she inquired appealingly of a big policeman who stood near an open door.

"Not much," he replied laughing, as he wonderingly scanned the little country girl.

"We're about to have a swell wedding here," he added, "so don't stand in the way."

He had scarcely finished speaking when the bridal party arrived.

"There goes the bride," said an old apple woman, resting her basket on the curbing.

How beautiful they were—dainty creatures all flowers and lace and shimmering silk, and the little figure there in a cloud

of snowy tulle, yes, she must be the bride. Hilda forgot her own misery and stood fascinated, rooted to the spot. Her wildest flights of fancy had never pictured such magnificence.

Through the plate glass window of a landau just drawing up to the sidewalk she caught a glimpse of a face. She was not yet sure of the identity of its owner, but unheeding all else, she sprang as though electrified out into the street—madly on into the maze of plunging horses and grating wheels. There he was again—if the carriage door were only open she might almost touch him. There was no longer any doubt—she had known him all the while. She held out her arms to him, a cry of joy on her lips and the smile of an angel on her beautiful pale face.

Then there came a dull, sickening thud—a crash of wheels, and the sound of many voices at once. No one knew how it



happened ; no one had seen her until it was too late, but it was Derrick Milton, the bridegroom, in his wedding garments, who reached her first.

"A bad omen for my wedding," he said uneasily, bending over the bleeding, prostrate form.

"Do you know her?" asked some one at his elbow.

"Never saw her before," was his reply.

The resemblance indeed was faint in the white drawn face to the blooming young girl he had left on the mountain. Racked with pain, but still conscious, Hilda heard and comprehended his words. A faint, tremulous sigh escaped her lips—that was all, and hope was dead.

How joyously pealed forth the wedding march as they bore her away! How the great organ pulsated and throbbed as Derrick and his bride entered the church door!

"Have you any friends here?" asked the doctor, wiping his glasses. Hilda's lips moved and the nurse bent down to catch what she said.

"I will have it sent at once," she replied, drawing a bit of crumpled paper from the girl's pocket.

Hilda seemed less restless after this, and lay there white and motionless, like one dead, overcome it may be by memories of the past, or the pathos of the present—for who can fathom the mysteries of a young girl's heart?

"She must sleep," the doctor said upon his next visit, "or she can't live. Her fever is very high.

She had been so faint all day, that the nurse looked graver than her wont as she opened the door to Lige. "I hardly think she will recognize you," was her greeting, but at the mere sound of his voice, there came a change. There was a look on her face he had never seen before, as she placed a little hand in his.

"It mebbe is too late, Lige," she whispered, "but I know now I hev loved ye all my life."

*Margo.*

## MAXIMILIENNE GUYON.

IN this practical age of ours when art has become the hand-maid of commerce and when talent and genius are so often prostrate before the high places of Mammon, it is refreshing to note among painters one who, forswearing the more utilitarian objects of art, seeks only to please by ideal conceptions, ideally wrought.

Maximilienne Guyon is essentially a painter of ideals—a dreamer of the brush.

Indeed, her pictures seem not to have been made at all, but rather in their sweetness, to have evolved themselves from the pure white paper upon which they appear.

If the perfection of art lies in a successful reproduction of existing things—in faithful copying and jotting down of those outward forms which meet the eye—this young artist has little claim to fame. But if the painter is something more than reporter and the canvas be not wholly a note-book—if, in short, there is in art a license for the production of fancies which exist only in the imagination—then this young French woman is a painter *par excellence*.

Maximilienne Guyon is never conventional: her art is never prosaic.

To those who know her story this is in no way surprising. She has had every reason to feel satisfied with life and with the result of her life's work.

At an age when most artists are beginning their careers, when many are struggling with the lack of means, and, what to the artistic temperament is worse—lack of appreciation—she had already won laurels which at once placed her in a position secure both as to fame and wealth.

At twenty-two she was a prize-winner in the Salon, and her career has been one of triumph ever since.

Maximilienne Guyon comes of a family of artists; her father, mother and sister paint—and all paint well.

Their home-life is described as charming, and seldom has nature showered upon the members of one family so many graces of person and mind.

The sisters Guyon are both very beautiful and in Paris wealth and fashion do them homage.

Maximilienne Guyon devotes herself exclusively to those dainty figures of which our frontispiece, one of three water-colors in Mr. Klauber's collection, is a characteristic and striking

example. The delicate color-effect of the original can hardly be described in cold black type.

The gown is of a soft, fleecy heliotrope material, which clings to the figure, revealing its graceful curves.

The arms are clear-cut and well-rounded, and the neck and bosom, in their exquisite color, seem almost to pulsate with the rich, warm blood of youth.

The daintily poised head is crowned with a mass of dark brown hair and the face is very sweet, an exception to the generality of French figure-pieces, for the Parisian conception of beauty differs materially from our own.

The idea is a very happy one, and nothing could be more suggestive of the hopes of spring than the figure of this beautiful girl, filling the air with many-hued bubbles, which soon break and dissolve into airy and fleeting nothings.

*Adolphe Klauber.*

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### RUE AND EASTER LILIES.

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SLOW centuries have tolled their parting knell  
 Since from Golgotha's cross in anguish fell—  
 "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani"—  
 And earthly passion perished in that cry  
 Of lips divine.

And lo, the trembling earth  
 In travail groaned as riven graves gave birth  
 To resurrection, and love's great sacrifice  
 Was finished in the sleep of Paradise!

"Forsaken?" No! Death, Roman guard and seal,  
 To Him were scarce the bonds that spiders reel;  
 Christ lived again! and to the world was born,  
 The joy and glory of our Easter Morn!

*B. M. Zimmerman.*

## THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

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AROUND a long shoulder of mountain that hid from view a blue glimpse of the distant lowlands, a seedy looking, middle-aged man was toiling upward. A soiled satchel swung upon a stick was upon his shoulder, and he grumbled to himself over the length and roughness of the way.

"It's strange. I didn't use to mind climbin' this here road. Seems like it's worse a good deal than it was years ago. I dunno, though; mebbe it's age—'nd yet I ain't so awful old, neither."

A final turn brought him around a bend of the cliff that towered far above the narrow valley whence Cedar Creek sent up its perpetual moan, when there came into view a few houses scattered along a cleared strip of bottom land on either side of the stream. Beyond were rugged spurs trending upward to where a brown vista of towering mountains bounded the eastward view.

"It looks just like it did eighteen years ago," said he, throwing down his burden and seating himself upon a rock. "It don't seem like I'd been away more'n a month or so, to look down there."

He appeared to question the unchangeableness of the scene as contrasted with himself.

"Well, well! If I had a lookin'-glass here, I'd soon feel how long I've been away."

He began to pick out the different localities with great interest.

"There's mother's old house yonder by the foot of the hill; 'nd there's Ed Stovey's. Seems like I can almost see him settin' back in his porch a smokin' 'nd the old red hound a snappin' flies on the steps. Poor mother! I hope brother John did right by her after I give up my share of the place for him 'nd Ellen to take care of her. 'Nd there's the very old house where I use to spark Cassandry. I reckon she's married now 'nd with a passel of children 'nd a man as humly—well, perhaps, as humly as I be now myself."

He rose and plodded wearily down the bend until he came to a little frame church shrouded by somber cedars and with a neglected little graveyard to one side. The door was unlocked and some quaint revival of old interest caused him to look within. He sighed sadly.

"There was where Parson White use to give it to us miserable sinners, 'nd yonder looks like the very mou'ners' bench



where I once kneeled down at protracted meetin' 'nd first realized how awful wicked I was. Ah me! It's a pity I didn't make better use of them warnin's 'nd persuadin's."

He wandered into the graveyard and scrutinized the more or less primitive tombstones with their touching inscriptions.

"There's no need of an arithmetic here," he soliloquized. "Lord have mercy! How people are a dyin' off, to be sure! There wasn't more than four or five graves here before I went away, 'nd now—look at 'em! Who is this?" He deciphered the letters slowly. "M-i-c-h S-m-a-l-l—why that's Mich Smallwood! Him 'nd me use to sit in the same class at school. And here—let's see. F-l-o-r-e-n-c-e S-m-a-l—well, well. So he married Flo Robinson after all. I always 'low'd she wouldn't look at him, but Mich was one of the stick-'nd-hang-on kind; 'nd here they both lie at last. It makes me feel old—mighty old."

He passed on to other graves, reading slowly the brief record over each until he came to one that was evidently more recent than the rest. Suddenly his eyes grew dim and he sank upon his knees before the stone, though still striving to read on. When the whole sad truth had branded itself upon his mind he remained staring dumbly at the grave, while tears trickled down and hung upon his beard.

"Been dead nearly a year," he faltered; "'nd I never knowed. John might have writ, or Ellen, for Ellen was a good scribe. Yet, how could they? They didn't know where I was. It's all my fault—all mine. I never let 'em know. My poor old mother! Gone out of this world without my knowin', or she knowin' of her boy, 'nd all my fault, all mine—mine!"

He leaned against the stone and groaned aloud, then was still for several minutes. Finally he arose, took up his bundle, staggered from the graveyard and went his way. Further on he met a woman riding a mule, with a half-filled sack behind her.

"Is John Corkhill at home, do you know?" he asked.

She looked at him in some astonishment.

"He sold out and went to Texas last fall," she answered.

"You don't say!" he exclaimed, after a prolonged stare.

"Well, then, can you tell me if Ed Stovey is still livin' down yonder?"

The woman, who was regarding him curiously, now began to tremble somewhat and without replying demanded eagerly:

"Who are you, anyhow?"

"I'm John Corkhill's brother Amos, as went West years 'nd years ago."

"I kind o' thought you were," said she, then dropped her eyes. "I reckon you don't rec'lect me, do ye?"

Amos scrutinized her closely. She was thin and faded, with drooping shoulders and work-worn hands, yet the expression of her eyes and mouth was singularly gentle and sweet. Her air of maidenly embarrassment helped him to remember.

"You can't hardly be Cassandry?" he ventured hesitatingly.

"That is just who I be."

"Married yet?"

"N-no." This a little reluctantly, as if the acknowledgment might be considered a fault.

"Neither am I. Well, well; 'nd you are Cassandry Cardin; 'nd takin' a turn of corn to the mill, I reckon?"

"Father's gettin' old," she said, "'nd I have to help him all I can. You've changed mightily, Amos."

"I know it," he replied, still eyeing her as if to grasp, in that way, the alterations of time more fully. "I had a terrible shock up there, Cassandry."

He pointed back to the little church. She understood him at once.

"Hadn't you never heard?" she asked. "But then, none of the folks knowed where you was. You've kept yourself hid a long time, Amos. Seems like your mother couldn't bear to die without hearin' nothin'."

"I'm payin' for it now," he returned, moodily. "I was wild 'nd rattlin' in those days, 'nd I thought after I give up my intruss in the place to John no one would care where I went or what I did. They was a reckless set I got among out West, 'nd so it went on 'nd on until—well, until here I am again, a good deal the wuss for wear."

"I'm afraid you've been havin' hard times, Amos."

He glanced at her sharply, then looked himself over and smiled.

"Mebbe you're right, Cassandry. Looks like the mountin's are a gittin' rather the best of you, too."

"More like it's hard work. Then we're all growin' old, I reckon. But I must get on."

Amos asked if her father was at home, as he started off.

"Yes," she called back. "We shall look for you to stay with us while you're here."

Later on, when Cassandra returned from the mill, she found Amos and her father smoking before the door and talking over old times. Then the visitor rose and said he would go over to his mother's old place and look around a little.

"Be sure you get back to supper," called the old man.

After Amos had gone Mr. Cardin smoked in silence, while Cassandra made a fire, put water to heat, sifted meal and other-

wise made leisurely preparations for the evening meal before she went out to milk.

"He makes out like he's been havin' bad luck out West," said the old man at length. "I don't reckon he's any better off than when he left here—wuss more likely, judgin' by his clothes 'nd his general way of carryin' hisself."

"'Tain't every one that can make money," said Cassandra, as if realizing that Amos had plenty of company in that boat.

"He wouldn't talk of nothin' much but old times 'nd his mother, 'nd yet, "the old man glanced askance at his daughter, "'nd yet he never said boo about you, Cassandry."

"Oh well; I can't help that. I dare say there were women enough where he's been."

"Amos wasn't never much force in his young days," continued her father, with a shrewd leer. "You'll remember I didn't use to set much store by him, though it might have been different with you."

"Massy, father!" said she, pausing in her bread mixing; "what are you drivin' at now?"

"Nothin' much; only Amos may not be a perusin' 'round here without some object, after all. We likes him for the sake of old times; yet we're poor, Cassandry, 'nd I'm old, 'an you are no chicken, either. If he should be fool enough to want to set up to you again, you take a fool's advice 'nd let him alone. If you should marry him now you'd have a wuss time 'n ever you've had yet."

Pap Cardin nodded his head sagaciously, as inferring that though Amos might be sly and designing, he himself could go the gentleman one better in that sort of game. Cassandra stood amazed, then she waxed gently indignant.

"Father, I'm plum ashamed of you! I don't know what Amos is here for, 'nd I don't care. But he looks as if he needed friends; 'nd if so be that he's come back to where he was born 'nd raised to find 'em, 'nd his kin folks all dead or moved away, I don't see no harm in bein' kind 'nd friendly. Poor fellow! He was dreadful took down when he found that his mother was dead."

"'Nd yet she never heard from him for mor'n a dozen years. Sech takin' down as that didn't do her much good, I'm thinkin'."

Cassandra abandoned the discussion by going out to milk.

Amos Corkhill remained at Mr. Cardin's for perhaps a week without making known his business or intentions. He visited his few old friends who mostly received him rather indifferently, owing doubtless to his seedy and almost dilapidated aspect. He was evidently regarded as a roaming ne'er-do-well, who

might have done better for himself and others had he improved his opportunities.

One morning he found that his clothing had been surreptitiously mended during the night. After dressing he went to the kitchen where Cassandra was already moving about.

"Let me make on a fire," said he, stirring the coals in the fire-place.

"You needn't mind," she remonstrated, yet gave way when he insisted.

He soon had the stove hot, together with a roaring blaze on the hearth, then he seated himself and watched her rapid movements for a while.

"I'm much obliged to you, Cassandra," said he at last, pointing to his mended garments. "You must have set up pretty late. They was a sight, these duds was."

"I thought bein' as you was visitin' 'round, you'd rather have 'em patched up," she responded, "'nd I hated to ask you for 'em, so I took 'em when you was asleep."

"I see," he nodded, then fell into a reverie over his pipe.

Pap Cardin, though given to early retiring, now usually saw Amos in bed before going himself, for certain precautionary reasons. But one evening, having eaten too much "fresh pork and dumplings," the demon of indigestion assailed him so vigorously that he went to bed betimes, and subsided gradually from intermittent groanings into deep, regular snores. Amos and Cassandra sat before the fire, she carding wool, he twiddling his thumbs dejectedly.

"Seems like you are always busy," said he, after watching her in silence for a while. "Don't you never get tired?"

"Yes; I'm tired a sight nowadays, more'n I used to be, I think."

Another long silence, during which he shifted about uneasily.

"Looks like no one in the settlement seems to care to have me around now," was his next remark.

"I hope you don't mean us, Amos," said Cassandra gently.

"N-no. You are different from the rest, Cassandra. But I don't reckon your father thinks much of me; don't s'pose you really do neither; 'nd yet——" he hesitated.

"Father 'nd me are glad to have you back. But we ain't able to do much more'n be glad."

"Tain't that exactly. But, seems like they're all sayin' by their looks that I'm a shif'less, no 'count fellow. That's-just about what they think."

"I can't say what others think, but I never felt that way about you, Amos."

"No—you've mended my clothes. That was powerful good of you, Cassandry."

He bent forward. For a moment she ceased carding and their eyes met. Then her gaze fell bashfully and a faint suffusion of color appeared in her face. He drew his chair closer, while she sat like a statue.

"I've been watchin' you," he continued earnestly. "You ain't like the rest; you don't forget old times. I've found out another thing. You sort o' looked after mother's old place after John 'nd Ellen went away. Now what did you do that for?"

"I thought—well, I didn't know but—" here her eyes met his again, evincing her thought, perhaps, more clearly than words.

She was almost pretty again, was Cassandra at that moment. He took her hand. His voice trembled and he spoke rapidly, as if he feared that something might rob him of this one opportunity.

"No, you ain't like the rest, Cassandry. I know now that I wasn't fittin' for you in those days—perhaps I ain't now. God knows!—I can hardly tell. But, Cassandry, if you can forgive my goin' off, I'll try to make the past up to you—I swear I will. I don't look to be wuth much, sure 's you are born; but—but, I just can't do without you, Cassandry."

His tones were broken now, though his pathos might have seemed ridiculous but for the intense earnestness of his appeal. He was more anxious than he had ever been, fearing lest, that in yielding the pearl of her love once more, she might too rigidly consider the past. But Cassandra's heart was full of charity. Tender memories had grouped themselves about her thoughts of Amos in the last few days. The old love, unexpectedly awakened, was not disposed to be denied.

"Well, Amos," she replied with a smile, "if you do, I reckon it'll be your own fault, as it's been all along. I ain't much to look at now myself."

"You are an angel, Cassandry, a plum little angel. I ain't much either, but I'm more'n some people thinks I be."

Then they sat side by side, silent yet in fairyland. It seemed if the last years were all at once showering upon them their long withheld store of happiness.

Several days after this, while Pap Cardin was chewing the cud of discontent over Cassandra's persistent "takins on" with Amos, a well-known chicken peddler of the neighborhood returned from the nearest town. He brought news that set gossip agoing along Cedar Creek once more.

"I had a check give to me," said he to old Mr. Cardin. "Them

town folks don't seem to deal much in ready money ; 'fraid some one 'll steal it, I reckon. So I up'nd took it over to the bank. Well, sir, the feller in the cage what pays out the money asked me if Amos Corkhill was up this way yet. 'Yes,' says I, 'nd a master poor chance he seems to be.' The man laughed. 'Poor?' says he. 'You ought to see his account here.' That rather got me, but I pestered him till he owned up that Amos had several thousand dollars there in clean cash, several thousand on 'em. 'Nd we all puttin' him down as about ready for the poor house !"

Pap Cardin maintained a discreet silence upon his return home, though he treated Amos with marked consideration after that. He was not going to tell, however, for his credit for astuteness might be thereby endangered. Cassandra must find out for herself, which, of course, she did, as Cedar Creek soon rang with the news.

Amos noticed the general change in the manner of the people towards him, but he made no sign. Their opinions he cared but little for ; he could buy and sell them all. But Cassandra—she was now dearer to him than all his gold. One night after the old man had gone to bed he moved his chair close to hers.

"I reckon you've heard the news," he said.

"Yes," she replied, slightly withdrawing from his side.

"Don't move, Cassandry. It's all true. I did make some money out West, but when I made up my mind to come back, I thought I'd try and see if havin' no money would make a difference in a man's old friends 'nd neighbors. Mebbe it was wrong, but I couldn't resist the notion."

Cassandra said nothing,\* but gazed intently at the fire.

"I soon saw a difference in 'em all except you. That, more'n anything else, made me see what a wuthless creatur I'd been, 'long side of you, all this time. Money is a mighty convenient thing in its place, Cassandry, but if you object to it, I—I'll throw it in the creek, or give it to your father or make a fire outen bank bills, or do anything you'd rather have done. Only, it shan't stand 'twixt you 'nd me ; shall it, my dear ?"

When Cassandra looked up her lips were smiling, though her eyes were full of tears.

"I reckon your havin' the money will please father," she whispered, yielding to his embrace. "You know I've always loved you, Amos, money or no money."

Then Amos kissed her for the first time in eighteen years.

*William Perry Brown.*



### A PARTING TO MR. HARRISON.

The fourth of March was a very inclement day. The month which had come in like a lamb proceeded to roar like a lion, nor was it like Bully Bottom's lion which would "roar you as gently as a sucking dove." In all its inclemency, Mr. Cleveland stood bareheaded in the presence of the American people and took his oath of office and delivered his inaugural address. By the side of him stood Mr. Harrison, the embodiment of American respectability. Each man had good right to be proud of the other, and of himself. We as citizens of this great country have a right to be proud of both. There was no Prætorian guard, no suspicion of the dagger's thrust, no fear of poisoned chalices. The two men stood there, fellow citizens respecting one another and extending all the courtesies which one could show the other. Mr. Harrison stepped down and out; Mr. Cleveland up and in—a gentleman retired, a gentleman succeeded him.

It was a revolution that put Mr. Cleveland into office and put Mr. Harrison out. But, so long as we have revolutions of that sort, it is not safe for any nation on the globe to meddle with us. The decisive way in which the people speak; the strong sense which underlies their speaking, shows them to be a thinking people who do not fear to put their thoughts into the ballot-box, and when they do speak, woe to man or devil who would thwart their wishes! It has been done once; hardly will it be again done. Let us hope, never.

When Mr. Harrison returned to his home he found awaiting him the honor and respect of every one. He had worn worthily an honored name. In every exigency of his office he had been the man for the occasion. Quiet and modest, he was likewise brave, and behind him he had all of us in every detail of his foreign policy. He had but to blow his bugle blast, and the Grand

Army man and the Confederate veteran would have touched elbows with him. They speak much of your "grandfather's hat," Mr. Harrison: keep your own hat on, and we, who love our country, will take our hats off in salutation to you. You have been clean and pure; you have been brave and gentle; you come home without stain or smirch, a scholar and a gentleman. Keep your hat on, sir, we bow to you! Standing in the shadow of a great grief you have held the ship of State steady to her course. Never once has your hand quivered, never once has your heart failed you. Benjamin Harrison, we salute you!

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#### TO MR. CLEVELAND WE BOW.

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AND before you, Mr. Cleveland, we bow. Not abjectly as servant to master or slave to his driver but as men bow to their selected leader. You have been chosen to the highest civil office on earth. *You have been chosen*; mark that. You have not usurped it, nor have you come to it by any alleged "divine right." You are not the master of this great people, you are its servant; but such a servant as is honored in the serving more than he would be in the mastery. No man disputes your right to lead, but no man cringes at your footsteps. We are a free people, thank God, and if you do not suit us a free press will let you hear somewhat of a sullen growl. You are stiff-necked and obstinate and so are we. You will never apply again for office, but it is well that, while you make history, you should make it most creditable to yourself. You and Frankie and Baby Ruth are back in the White House—the baby for the first time is there. You can not do better than you did before in many things, but in some things you can. The "boys in the trenches" expect something. When you were in office before your appointees were men who were back numbers; men whose only claim to their positions was that they had failed at every other business; men who had never given a dollar to the party fund or done a day's work for your success. That defeated you for re-election. Give us now some brain and brawn and muscle. Put a little new blood into the service of your country. Men stood and wondered at the class of people whom you chose—your own will so strong, your own views so fixed, your own policy so determined and clear, you gave to us the most worthless, weak and vacillating set of office-holders ever known in history. Do not repeat the error, please. If for no higher reason, for your party's sake do not repeat it. It is suicidal.



## A WORD ABOUT BABY RUTH.

AND let us hear no more of "Baby Ruth." "Baby McKee" became a holy terror in the land, let "Baby Ruth" and all the other babies handle their rattles, and suck their nursing bottles and cut their teeth without inflicting their ills and ailments and delights upon the public. Babies are born constantly, and will be while the world stands. One baby is much like another, and while every mother thinks her own unlike every other mother's child yet a casual observer can see but little difference. At any rate the great mass of people are more concerned about the grave questions of statecraft than they are about the color of a baby's gown or the style of carriage in which it rides. There are no princelings in this land, and the poor man's baby is more likely to become famous than one born in the purple, and reared on foolish adulation. Nellie Grant was the pet of the White House, and to-day, while she may wear widow's weeds, yet her heart is wreathed in gladness because she is a widow. High station is no guarantee against fate.

Mrs. Cleveland has been noted for her good sense, and fine tact. In this matter she may display it more than ever. Let her at once put her foot down and give the people to understand that she will have no meddling with her domestic affairs. Let her nurse and coddle "Baby Ruth" as any other mother would, it is no concern of the public. It is no doubt a hard matter to control the irrepressible female correspondent, but she can so strongly intimate her disapproval of such things that we will not have to hear what the baby wears and when it has its outings and how and what it eats. No doubt, it is a fine, handsome baby, a sweet lovable baby as babies go; much like its mother, let us hope, for few women have been loved as Mrs. Cleveland has, and few women have so well deserved our love, but it is only a baby after all, and there should be some privacy about the clothes line in the back yard of the White House on the weekly wash day.

## MR. GRESHAM IN THE CABINET.

THE appointment of Mr. Gresham has provoked much discussion and a great deal of opposition. That one spoken of as a Republican candidate for the presidency, and offered the nomination by another party, should be selected for so high an honor as a Cabinet place seems at first glance most remarkable. There is no question as to his fitness or capacity, but as a party

man, should Mr. Cleveland have taken one so lately in the ranks of the enemy for his associate and adviser? Judge Gresham is known as one of the purest and most learned jurists in our country. Like Judge Lindsay, recently sent from Kentucky to fill Mr. Carlisle's place in the Senate, he is no politician, but a quiet, modest and retiring man. If there had been any wires to pull, any scheming to be done, he would never have received the appointment. The office sought the man: the man was well worthy of the office. No one can say aught against him as a man. But Mr. Cleveland may be a better politician than men give him credit for. The great State of Illinois, perhaps in some degree through Judge Gresham's influence, went Democratic in the last election, and its electoral vote was cast for Mr. Cleveland. A sentiment of gratitude, if nothing else, should lead him to recognize that favor. But the statecraft of it seems to go much beyond this. We have at last a united country, and that fact is mainly due to the efforts and the acts of such men as Judge Gresham. To him, and to men like him, the young men of the land look up. They take such men for models, and they follow them. Year by year more of them come into the ranks of voters. They have been born since the war, they know little of it and they have no hatred for their countrymen. So long as these young men vote with the Republican party, so long as there are denunciations of "rebels" and "traitors" from the stump there will be a "Solid South." When such men as Judge Gresham lead these young men into the Democratic party, it is good policy to welcome them. They think for themselves, they act as patriots for what they deem their country's good. To reject them, to fail to give them recognition, would be worse than idiocy. The action of Mr. Cleveland will do much toward keeping Illinois in the ranks of his party. It will satisfy a certain element everywhere that this is a pure and clean and patriotic government. It is worth votes to the Democratic party, and worth commendation to Mr. Cleveland.

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#### MR. CARLISLE.

MR. CARLISLE has been also honored by, or perhaps we should say, has consented to honor a position in the Cabinet. He and William McKinley of Ohio are the two great exponents of the two great ideas now made an issue before our people. No man questions the sincerity of either man, no one impugns his honesty. Fair and candid and able, they have stood before the American voters as gladiators, and neither

one has found dishonor in the arena. Those ideas which Mr. Carlisle advocated have met with favor from the voters, and it is fit that he should have a chance to show that they are not the theories of a dreamer. No other man could have been so fitly chosen for the place. This man has been a remarkable instance of the power of pure intellect. Without the graces of oratory, without the flowers of speech, and to a great extent without those methodical habits which make dull men successful, he has risen step by step to the highest honors in the land, and is the possible President of the future. That he will be Mr. Cleveland's successor of course no one can say, but that he is in the direct line of succession every one admits. Upon the success of this administration much of that depends. That Mr. Carlisle is a great man no one denies. Perhaps his tariff principles are right; perhaps they are wrong; who knows? But somehow by force of character, by mere power of intellect, has he forged to the front. There may nothing come to him in the future, for he has not that magnetism which was so perfectly developed in Mr. Clay. But whatever fate may overtake him he will go down to history as one of the leaders of his day and generation. Only a few days ago he was snatched from under the wheels of an electric car just in time to save his life. Abstracted, thoughtful, moody, he was passing over the tracks and did not hear the clanging of the bell. Had he died then and there, there would have been a void in American politics which he will fill if he lives.

And it will require the best efforts of his intellect to fill that void. We are no longer divided on sectional lines; economic questions are before us now. The party whose exponent he is, next to Mr. Cleveland, has determined on a certain policy and Mr. Cleveland has chosen him to enforce it. It is an experiment in politics, and if it fails the people will reverse their verdict four years hence. Mr. Carlisle is in the saddle: let him ride to win.

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#### THE SOUTH IN THE CABINET.

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**M**R. CARLISLE is hardly rated as a Southern man. While he is a Kentuckian, yet he lives on the banks of the Ohio and is really a resident of one suburb of Cincinnati. But the President has gone farther South and found material for his Cabinet. One of the two is a newspaper man, a real editor—not an alleged writer for the press as is usual in such cases. He has been successful in business in the hustling city of Atlanta, where one must be very spry in order to keep in the front.

This speaks well for Mr. Smith. The other Southern appointee has been at the head of the vanguard, also. A safe man, trusted by his people and honored by them. Mr. Cleveland could not go amiss in choosing him.

And this recognition to the South is right. Say what you will, the men who vote and the men who do the work should be rewarded. The "Solid South" has been the backbone of the Democratic party for many years. Without it there would have been collapse and dissolution. And in this time of victory the "Solid South" should have its recognition. There are good men in that region—good men and true. Their brain and heart is worth something to the country. They are as loyal as any one, and would fight as quickly for the stars and stripes as ever they did for the Confederacy. Small as that section is it has given more names to our glorious history than all the other States. Its soldiers have not been cowards; its orators have never yet met one who made them dumb before him, nor have its statesmen found tongues of scandal wagging at their names. It is right and just and proper that these people should have some showing in the Cabinet. They deserved it and they have it.

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### THE RETURN OF THE CRINOLINE.

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THERE is much discussion about the new old-fashion of crinoline which threatens us with its return. Where fashions come from and how they are determined on no man knows. They are supposed to come from Paris, and the Shakers, and Quakers, and Dunkards, who adhere to one fashion, always think and say that they come from the devil. It is not our purpose to decide. We have little acquaintance with Paris, and less with the devil.

But it is somewhat remarkable that the men should so solidly form a phalanx against the hoopskirt. Not one of them is in favor of it, and most of the women also oppose it. Of course, the women will wear it if it comes—they will wear anything that is the fashion. Yet what have the men to do with it? It is not their apparel which is to be considered, and the present "gown" takes as much cloth and costs more than "dresses" did when hoopskirts were in vogue. The men do not understand, themselves, why they oppose the new departure in women's clothes.

In the days of crinoline women were "dressed," now they are "gowned" in such and such material. The hoopskirt makes the difference in meaning to the two words, just as it will make

a difference in the fabric of their skirts. To be dressed was to have something which would stand out stiffly over the crinoline and rustle as one walked. To be gowned is to have some soft, clinging cloth about you which displays the outlines of the form with every movement of the body. Women with fine forms prefer the gown; those not so blessed prefer the dress. As most women are beautiful in form, most women prefer the gown. As most men are lovers of the beautiful, most men detest the crinoline. The man about town does not look, in these days, at a woman's face on the street except merely a glance for purposes of recognition. His attention is directed to her shape, her walk, her grace of movement.

So the face has ceased to be the subject of thought and study among the women themselves. In the old hoopskirt days there was much painting and powdering. There was penciling of eyebrows and belladonna in the eyes, beauty spots, and artificial dimples, and even such staining of the lips as prevented a lover's kiss from being granted. The tortoise shell comb held the elaborate coiffure in place, and stately dignity was sought to be attained. The grace of sinuous movement which we see to-day was then undreamed of. The minuet and the old Virginia reel were danced, and the waltz, with its close embrace, was rarely tried by people of the better class. It was considered scandalous to waltz with other but a brother or a cousin.

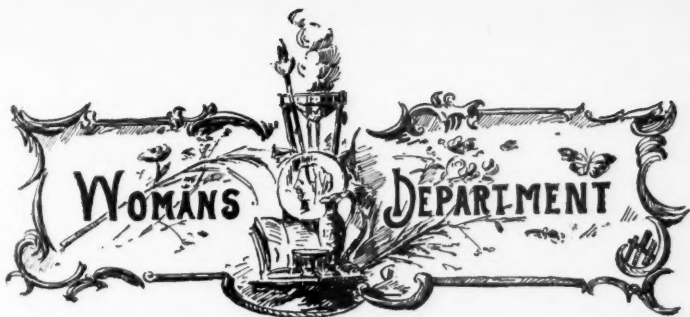
Yet the hoopskirt had its revelations, as it came to its final period. The last form of it was the most hateful. It differed from the present style just as the gyrations of a ballet dancer differ from the skirt dance of Carmencita—one is indecent without being beautiful, the other is beautiful without being indecent. Perhaps that is why men like the present style.

But if the hoopskirt will bring back with it some of the old-time dignity, we may forgive it for its coming. Sometimes the company one brings makes welcome more assured. We do not want the paint and powder, the penciling and belladonna, nor do the young men want their sweetheart's lips so stained that kissing would be dangerous. But in the age of "gowns," from Athens to the French Empire, manners have been too free and easy; men have had less respect for women, and women have had less care for their own reputations. Whether the style of dress is affected by morals, or morals are affected by the style of dress, is as hard to determine as whether the long hair on a man's head makes him a crank, or his being a crank makes him grow long hair. Between cause and effect one can not determine. But if the old time breeding, the ancient style of manners, come with it the hoopskirt shall be welcome, hideous as it is.

That it will be worn no sane man doubts. Any tirade against it is useless. To be out of fashion is to be out of the world, and no lovely woman is willing to die while she can win hearts. And the winning of them by her is the life of the world. Made for man, man loves her and no barrier can separate the two. In all her curious eccentricities, in all her quaint imaginings, there is some man who sympathizes with her, and who loves her while he wonders at her strangeness. There are thousands of primroses by the river's brim but one primrose which is indeed a primrose only to him who plucks it. It is like the others but is sweeter.

So let it come, if the dear creatures want it. Somewhere there must be some one of them who does ; if it will help her to hide any deformities of person, it will at least make one human being happy. As to the others of her sex, perhaps they will not need it, but will be as happy in the wearing of it. A new toy, a fresh plaything, a gewgaw, a gem, a sweetmeat, are all much the same to a child. So a new style or a new religion is to a woman, and an empty honor is to a man. It matters little to those who have passed life's noonday what the women wear. They have lived and they have loved. They can not eat their pie and have it. They can only consider that woman in any shape or form is the last, best work of God.





D. HIGBEE.

AN Eastern journalist has recently been having quite a good deal to say concerning the gains and losses of journalism. Among the losses, he speaks of the inability of a newspaper writer to find time to do any lasting work. Necessarily his work is ephemeral in character, simply to be read to-day and then thrown away. Yet there are gains in it because a habit of steady industry and regular application is formed that is in marked contrast to the desultory, vacillating methods of some well-known literary workers. Many of the writers of to-day who have attained most creditable positions in the world of letters learned the secret of hard labor in a newspaper office.

Among the women journalists of the South who have earned a national reputation is the subject of this sketch.

Miss Higbee's father was James Higbee, a native Kentuckian, and her mother was Martha Lane Gallaher of Virginia, a woman of much artistic as well as literary ability, and from whom, doubtless her daughter inherited her talent as a writer.

Both father and mother died when she was a child, and afterward she lived in the family of an elder sister till she was old enough to be sent to boarding-school, where she remained till she was graduated.

But Miss Higbee's education was not altogether derived from text-books. She was an omnivorous reader, having a perfect passion for books, and very early displayed that discrimination between good and bad literature that is such a salient point in her character.

Very soon after her graduation she came to Louisville, and in the course of events took a position on the *Commercial*. It was an entirely new departure for a Kentucky newspaper to employ a woman reporter, so Miss Higbee was a pioneer in this field. Later on she accepted a place on the *Courier-Journal*, where she remained for over ten years.



D. HIGBEE.



Some of the most sparkling things that have ever emanated from her pen were the short "feature articles" that were written as preludes to the Sunday paper's column of society news. They attracted much attention and favorable comment.

She was, also, the book reviewer for the *Courier-Journal* for a number of years, and was a most successful critic. She has that rare capability of "getting at the heart of a book." There are reviewers—and there are reviewers! Anybody can sit down and grind out a column or two of reading matter about a book, but that is not reviewing it. One must be a born reviewer to be a successful one.

In 1889 Miss Higbee published her first novel, "In God's Country," which attracted widespread interest. As a Southern story, it warmly recommended itself to the people of the South, while the North welcomed it as a genuine contribution to romantic literature.

Hamlin Garlin says that in order to be a successful novelist a writer must give local flavoring to his story. Miss Higbee has certainly done this in the book under consideration. One of the happiest things in the work runs as follows:

*"A noted Kentucky turfman who late in life sought refuge in the bosom of the church was frequently heard to remark, with the moisture of deep feeling in his eyes, that he confidently expected to run his favorite thoroughbred in the green pastures of the Hereafter. It is not improbable that the indifference of his class to the consolations of religion, and the promises of a future life, is due to the absence of the simple faith upon which the General's blissful anticipation reposed. Were heaven an interminable boulevard, and the transportation of horses assured, no Kentuckian would miss it, though convinced it lay through a prohibition district."*

Henry Watterson said only a true genius could have created a "throbbing heart interest out of material so simple," and only an artist could have given this task execution so powerful and brilliant. He says "the story is at the same time a current chronicle, an antique and a classic.

Miss Higbee's shorter stories are characterized by their careful finish. There is not "a loose end" left about them. They give the reader a gratifying sense of completeness.

Her style is brilliant, incisive and analytical, and as keen and polished as a Damascus blade.

As she is still a young woman and has already attained a position in the world of letters, it is reasonable to expect good work from her in the future.

## CRINOLINE.

"A CURIOSITY in Legislation" is the proper term for the bill there was introduced in the Indiana and Minnesota and Kentucky State Legislatures. It is entitled:

*"To prevent the importation and sale of the crinoline hoop-skirt."*

It was proposed to fine any person who violated this law not more than one thousand, nor less than one hundred dollars with imprisonment of not less than thirty days.

It seems impossible to believe that the honorable gentleman who introduced this bill could have been serious about it. It has never been the custom of woman to allow men to decide questions of feminine apparel. She usually follows fashion blindly and indiscriminately, and if she makes up her mind to wear any article of dress, she does it, in spite of man's opposition. Whether this is the right or the wrong way is not now the subject of discussion. It is simply a matter of history that such is the case. In view of the fact, the position of those legislators was simply ludicrous—imagine how ridiculous a lot of men must have looked discussing the feasibility of making laws against hoopskirts! The situation was more than humorous, it was broadly comic.

Sumptuary laws would be out of date in the nineteenth century, and decidedly misplaced in America. That would be turning back the clock of time, indeed. The last code of this sort that was enacted was in Scotland, in the year of 1621.

These laws have been read as curiosities in later days, and it has remained for the above mentioned Legislatures to immortalize themselves by endeavoring to revive the obsolete.

In the time of Queen Elizabeth there was a law regulating the quantity of starch that should be used in the ruffs that were worn about the neck. Afterwards even the width of these ruffs was dictated. In Germany the breadth of the fur trimming on woman's gowns was a matter of state. During the reign of Edward IV., the kind of dress to be worn by all sort and conditions of men was regulated. Sumptuary laws were very rigid in Italy for a time. The most noted, perhaps, was the Oppian law that was in force 215 B. C.; it allowed no woman to possess more than half an ounce of gold nor wear a gown of more than one color. This was enacted because of the financial distress of the nation, brought on by war.

And now Indiana wishes to be written down as a State that regulates the width of its women's petticoats!

Every now and then a great and burning question arises. The newspapers print paragraphs concerning it, the magazines discuss it, everybody talks about. Sometimes it is a question of state, at other times of morals, politics or health. Just now the all-absorbing topic is crinoline. Evidently it is one of the greatest questions that has ever come before the people.

"Oh, why do women want to wear hoops!" wails one editor in a crescendo of despair. That would be a difficult question to answer. Why is any fashion popular? Probably the underlying reason for assuming a mode is the thought that it makes the wearer look better. This thought is older than civilization itself. Carlyle says in "Sartor Resartus":

*"The first purpose of clothes was not warmth or decency, but ornament. Miserable, indeed, was the condition of the aboriginal savage, glaring fiercely from under his fleece of hair which, with the beard, reached down to his loins and hung around him like a matted cloak. He loitered in the sunny glades of the forest, living on wild fruits. He was without implements, without arms. Nevertheless, the claims of hunger being satisfied, his next care was not comfort, but decoration. Warmth he found in the toils of the chase, or amid the dry leaves in his hollow tree, in his bark shed or natural grotto. But for decoration he must have clothes. The first spiritual want of barbarous man is decoration as, indeed, we still see among the barbarous classes in civilized countries."*

This last clause brings to mind the oft-quoted account of the missionary's visit to one of the kings of Africa. He found that individual arrayed in a battered silk hat, paper collar and a pair of white cotton socks much the worse for wear. Thus attired, the sable sovereign was serene and delighted, having the profound peace that the consciousness of being *good form* gives one.

Another truth that the philosophic writer of this same "Sartor Resartus" brings to light is that the decorative desire is not a thing of sex. He says that woman

*"Whom thou lovest, worshippest as a Divine Presence, which, indeed, symbolically taken she is, has descended like thyself from that same hair-mantled, flint-hurling Aboriginal Anthropagus !"*

The double italics in the above quotations are not Carlyle's; they are made for the present instance and it is true, then, that it is not only women who have the innate desire to be attired gorgeously. Unfortunately, man has not many opportunities, but he certainly improves those that are presented to him. Take any occasion where there is the chance for a public dis-

play, an inaugural procession, a Masonic parade, or anything like that, and see how gladly man will array himself in feathers, scarlet, gold lace, or any sort of bravery, and how joyously he will strut through his little hour, with heart swelling with gladness over his gay trappings.

"But there is nothing decorative in crinoline," says the objector.

No, there is not. Every woman frankly admits this fact. All women remember the elongated bustles of ten or twelve years ago, that finally developed a hoop or two running clear around the bottom of the skirts. Were they pretty? No. Were they convenient? Oh, no! They continually caught on every projection. They tripped up the wearers of them. They interfered with the movements of the limbs in walking. They were ungraceful, they were awkward to wear, they were always in the way and they were unbecoming. Yet eight women out of every ten draped her skirts over them without a thought of disobeying fashion's mandates.

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It is difficult to tell whose fertile brain conceived the idea of putting women in hooped petticoats this year. It is always thus difficult to know from whence a fashion springs. But it is undeniable that the idea was rapidly popularized by the dress authorities. Both Worth and Redfern are favorable to crinoline. It is not strange that the fashion potentates are in favor of voluminous draperies. They mean more cloth, more labor, and therefore more money to the *modiste*.

And the women who demand new and startling fashions are too frequently a class who wish to attract attention by novelties in apparel.

Some time ago, M. Dupin made the following statement before the French Senate:

*"The leaders of fashion in France, and through France of the whole civilized world, are those women who could not be admitted into good society in any country."*

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This contest now going on in regard to the wearing of crinoline is interesting. In England there are papers being circulated among the women that are a sort of *Total Abstinence Pledges* concerning hoops. The signers of the papers solemnly promise never to put on the insidious, deadly, wicked hoopskirt. Nearly ten thousand English women have given their names and stand in a solid phalanx of virtuous resolve—*Death, but no hoops!*—is inscribed upon their banner. In the United States there are

similar petitions being circulated, but with no appreciable results at present.

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Perhaps the women who will prove the most effective foes to crinoline, in America, are the members of the National Council of Women of the United States. This council represents organizations that comprise more than a million of women. A committee was recently appointed by them to prepare a symposium on woman's dress, to be published in some leading magazine. They claim that it is a pressing need of the day that a comfortable dress be invented, that will be suitable for shopping, business, house-work or walking. Among the names of these representative women are those of Miss Francis E. Willard, Clara Barton, Lady Henry Somerset, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, Helen Campbell, Miss May Wright Sewall and Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, while long lists of names are published, headed by other well-known women, and by the wives of noted men.

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It is said that the committee is a unit in its opposition to crinoline, though public announcement has not been made of its antagonism.

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What will be the result of this controversy it is impossible to tell. But that crinoline is steadily gaining ground there can be no question. Already, women are seen in the streets with skirts stiffened with horsehair and double facings, while an occasional hoop in the bottom of a skirt wobbles its way along the pavement.

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This is the position of the average woman: She will stand still till the dispute is settled, and then go with the majority. She has no wish to be conspicuous by her hoopless skirt when other women are wearing inflated draperies. If there was a principle involved, it would be different, she argues. But she has neither time nor inclination to "go looking like a guy," when there is nothing to be gained by it. She will not choose to wear limp skirts that will appear flopping, slovenly and ugly, when opposed to prevailing modes. She will not care to be pointed out as an *outré* object, unlike other women. But if she is a woman of taste, and she generally is, she will sigh over the necessity of wearing a monstrosity. When she sees the ugly, ungainly crinolines swaying ungracefully about, making startling disclosures, blocking up the sidewalks, and crowding street cars, she will think with regret of the graceful, clinging, picturesque draperies of to-day, that will then be—alas! things that are no more!

Angele Crippen.



## HUMOROUS

### HE FIGURED IN IT.

"I made a mistake in subtraction," is what the bookkeeper said when he was caught stealing.

### THE DIE IS CAST.

"Many men of many minds," is what the sick man said when the physicians called to hold a consultation.

### THE BITER BIT.

"I've bit off more than I can chaw," is what Smith said when he bit off Jones' nose in a fight.

### A SAD PARTING.

DENTIST.—I will pull that tooth for you for fifty cents.

PAT.—I don't moind the expinse, yer honor, but it hurts me to lose the tooth.

### A DRY WIT.

SANDERS.—Who is that man rushing in that saloon door?

SAWDERS.—Why that is Smith, the celebrated funny man of *Town Topics*.

SANDERS.—Yes! He looks like a dry fellow.

### NEW VERSION OF AN OLD SONG.

When I was little and had no sense  
I bought me a fiddle for fifteen cents;  
The only tune that it would play  
Was boom-ter-ra-ra, boom-de-ay.

HE WAS CONSTANTLY SMILING ALONE.

HAMILTON.—That fellow Grey is a close fellow; did you ever get a drink out of him?

GRITH.—No, I never did, and he's full of 'em all the time, too.

HAD READ THE MOTHER-IN-LAW JOKES.

RIGGS.—I say, Briggs, how in the world did you ever marry that Hobbs girl? Miss Clay was dead in love with you and she is a hundred per cent. prettier. You could have had her for the asking.

BRIGGS.—Yes, I know, but Miss Clay's mother is living.

A MISNOMER.

JOHNNIE'S UNCLE.—Why, hello, Johnnie, how did you get all those bruises on your face?

JOHNNIE.—Been riding a Safety.

EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER.

HEAD OF THE FIRM.—That new man Fenton is the best floor walker we have ever had.

MANAGER RETAIL DEPARTMENT.—Yes, he came highly recommended. He had a letter from his minister saying that he had eight children.

A SEVERE BLOW.

TEACHER.—Can any of you boys tell me what a cyclone is like?

JOHNNIE FRESH.—Like a man.

TEACHER.—How do you make that out, Johnnie?

JOHNNIE FRESH.—It's full er wind.

JUST LIKE A MAN.

MRS. BLOOMER.—Darling hoopskirts will soon be all the go.

BLOOMER.—Thank goodness! I was afraid they had come to stay.

QUITE THE REVERSE.

JEFFREYS.—Has your wife a high temper?

JAMESON.—No, indeed; she has the lowest, meanest temper I ever saw in my life.

HAD SIZED UP THE CROWD.

"What is mankind coming to?" thundered a temperance lecturer.

"Coming to a bum show," replied one of the audience, as he gazed meaningly at the people present.

*George Griffith Fetter.*

## BOOK REVIEWS.

"RED LEAVES AND ROSES." By Madison Cawein. The poems that comprise this book are like a collection of summer-night dreams. To read it is to walk in a garden luxuriant with tangle of vines and branches that have grown as they liked. There are paths that lead into dim and dusky dells, where the moonbeams can scarcely penetrate. Under the over-hanging trees are the wood nymphs that fly at an approaching footstep. The dew is glistening on the leaves; the night winds are heavy with the breath of flowers; the mellow radiance of the moonlight has changed the earth to an enchanted world. In the distance, too far away to catch the tune, is the divinest music. It falls softly on the ear, delicious but unrestful in its suggestiveness, and stirring the heart with vague tenderness.

Everywhere there are flowers. Roses, that load the air with exquisite odors; white lilies like silver censers swinging in the breeze and scattering incense on the night; purple lilacs, soft-breathed heliotropes, and scarlet geraniums that are like flames when the sun shines. No poet has loved and known flowers more than Cawein. He is like Shelley in this, though he is not like him in style.

There is always a tendency to compare a new poet to one whose song is well known. There is, perhaps, a reminiscence of Tennyson and of Swinburne, now and then, in this poet's verses. But it would be doing Mr. Cawein an injustice to say he writes like anybody, for he has a manner peculiarly his own. He is strong, vigorous and most imaginative. Perhaps his most marked characteristics are his fancifulness and his love of Nature in her sunny hours. He seems to have gotten very close to the heart of Nature. The birds sing to him, the waters murmur, the bee hums, and the night winds sigh their secrets in his ear.

The poem that gives its title to the book is the first of the collection. The closing stanza reads thus:

"And Memory comes stealing down the stair  
From dusty attics where is piled the Past—  
Like so much rubbish that we hate to keep—  
And turns the knob! and framed in frosty hair,  
A grave, forgotten face looks in at last.  
And she will know and bow her head and weep."

"Wild Thorn and Lily" is the longest poem in the book and has little pearls of song scattered throughout the poem on the thread of the story. One of them reads:

"I wonder on what life will do  
When love is loser of all love,  
When life still longs to love anew  
And has not love enough."

And the following exquisite little bit is found in this same poem:

"Middle April made  
The path of lilac leading to your porch  
A rift of fallen Paradise—a blue  
So full of fragrance that the birds that built  
Among the lilacs thought that God was there  
And of God's goodness they would sing and sing  
Till each new note led to divinest song."

An exquisite lyric is found among these lines, beginning:

"Between the stars and roses  
There lies a summer haunted lea,  
Where every breeze that blows is  
Another melody."

Many of the stanzas throughout the book unconsciously set themselves to music.

Others of the poems that are especially good are "Some Summer Days," the beginning of "Wreckage," "At the Lane's End," "Deep in the Forest," "One Night," and "The Spring in Florida." Though it is difficult to make preferences where there is so much beauty.

"CRAG AND PINE," by Elizabeth Holloway, has been received through the



author. The book consists of a collection of stories with Colorado as an environment. The sketches are fresh and original.

"WALTER GRAYMON," by Bettie Houston Jones, received through the author. The story is highly moral in tone, and is dedicated to the little son of the writer.

A. C.

"THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF GENERAL THOMAS J. (STONEWALL) JACKSON." By His Wife.

Any history that could do justice and add interest to such a subject must of necessity be a book of note and one well worth the world's reading.

Such, indeed, is the work now under consideration. It is not only a wonderful book—striking, stirring and of unbroken interest from beginning to end—but it is a book of high aim and noble purpose. In one word, a sublime book that will be dear to the heart of every reader who loves a truly great and good man.

Of course, every "Life of Stonewall Jackson" to be a true "Life" must have more or less of this aim and purpose about it. For none that ever knew or heard of him even through newspaper records or war dispatches could disassociate that name from whatsoever things are noble and of good report.

There is no need to tell the world nor friend nor foe what he was in war. His record there is an open letter, written in blood upon bolder battlefields than even a Caesar or Napoleon could boast.

Yes, we all knew him—especially we of this Shenandoah Valley—as hero of heroes, very knight of very knights, "from spur to plume the star of chivalry!" With the tragic splendor that emblazoned the war side of Jackson's nature we are all familiar. But it remained for his devoted wife, his *Esposa* as he tenderly called her, to bring into contrast the softer, tenderer shading of this exquisite picture. Done with the sensitive, sympathetic touch which only love's hand could know, she has given us the home side and the heaven side of this finely rounded nature.

When this trained soldier and disciplinarian was afield we could see through all the military requirement of his rigorous rule the gracious bearing always of the *preux chevalier*, and above all, the humility and devotion of the Christian soldier. But we could not see the tender, ineffable love that made his home an Eden to the wife of his bosom, the unselfishness that claimed nothing there but "just this dear wife," the liberality that cared for nothing but to bestow it upon her, the courage that feared not to love "any mortal too much just so he loved God more." And O, beyond words, it is beautiful to see "this foremost captain of his day" indulging at times in the artless caprice and innocent abandon of the happy-hearted boy! There he was, indeed,

"As the greatest only are  
In his simplicity divine."

To be sure, we might have surmised all this, but we never knew it before, nor can one fully appreciate until he buys this book and reads it, the last tangible tribute of respect and love that remains to us—especially to us of Virginia—to pay to our hero's memory. When Jackson gave us his life-blood and glorious fame there was not much else that he had to give to the dear ones that he left behind. And his loved and loving wife is the most precious of legacies that ought naturally to be left to the sacred keeping of his native State.

Mrs. Jackson is now suffering from some violent disorder of the eye which will, in all probability, prevent her ever writing anything more. But she has laid the whole South, I may say the whole Christian world, under obligation for this grand object lesson in principle and in piety that she has given us. The book ought to be in the hand of every boy now growing up in our land, of every soldier who would learn the meaning of true knighthood and of every Christian who would make his faith a reality. It ought to find a place in every library, private and public, and for schools, and Sunday-schools as well. Then would the circulation of the book be commensurate with its worth, and the writer, from its well derived revenue, be placed in just that condition of graceful comfort that becomes herself, and with which, had the dear husband lived, it would have been the aim of his life and joy of his heart to surround her.

S. T. W.

## FETTER'S ADVERTISER.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS,

THE WHEREFORE OF IT.—“I thought you said you admired blondes more than brunettes, Jaycot?”—“I do.”—“But Mrs. Jaycot is a brunette.”—“Yes. That's the reason.”—*Brooklyn Life*.

PURE MEDICINE.—The signature of E. H. Taylor, Jr., & Sons on the bottle is a guarantee that the article is first-class in every respect. This firm is one of the best in the State. Many physicians prescribe their whiskies because they are known to be old-fashioned, pure goods.

WILLIAMSON.—I hear Jagman was so drunk last night that several of you fellows had to take him home on a shutter. Did his wife think he was dead? Henderson.—She must have. She was certainly laying him out when we left.

BESTEN & LANGAN of this city, being an exclusively cloak house, have a large selection of spring wraps. You had better examine their stock before purchasing.

GAZZER.—There was an incident at the funeral of that boy who died from too much cigarette smoking, that was simply heartrending. Quizzer.—What was it? Gazzer.—When the clergyman, in reading the service, came to the words ‘Ashes to ashes,’ and the lad's mother, realizing their significance, burst into tears.

TYPE-WRITERS.—G. M. Allison & Co., of this city are agents for the celebrated Remington Type-writer. They also sell the best bicycles.

FINE PIANOS.—Smith & Nixon have the largest piano house in the United States. They sell the best makes—Steinway, Weber and Kurtzmann. Don't fail to go there if you want a piano.

JAKY.—Pop, pop, that big, ugly dog has swallowed my Waterbury. His Pop.—Take him home, my boy. He'll make a good watch dog.

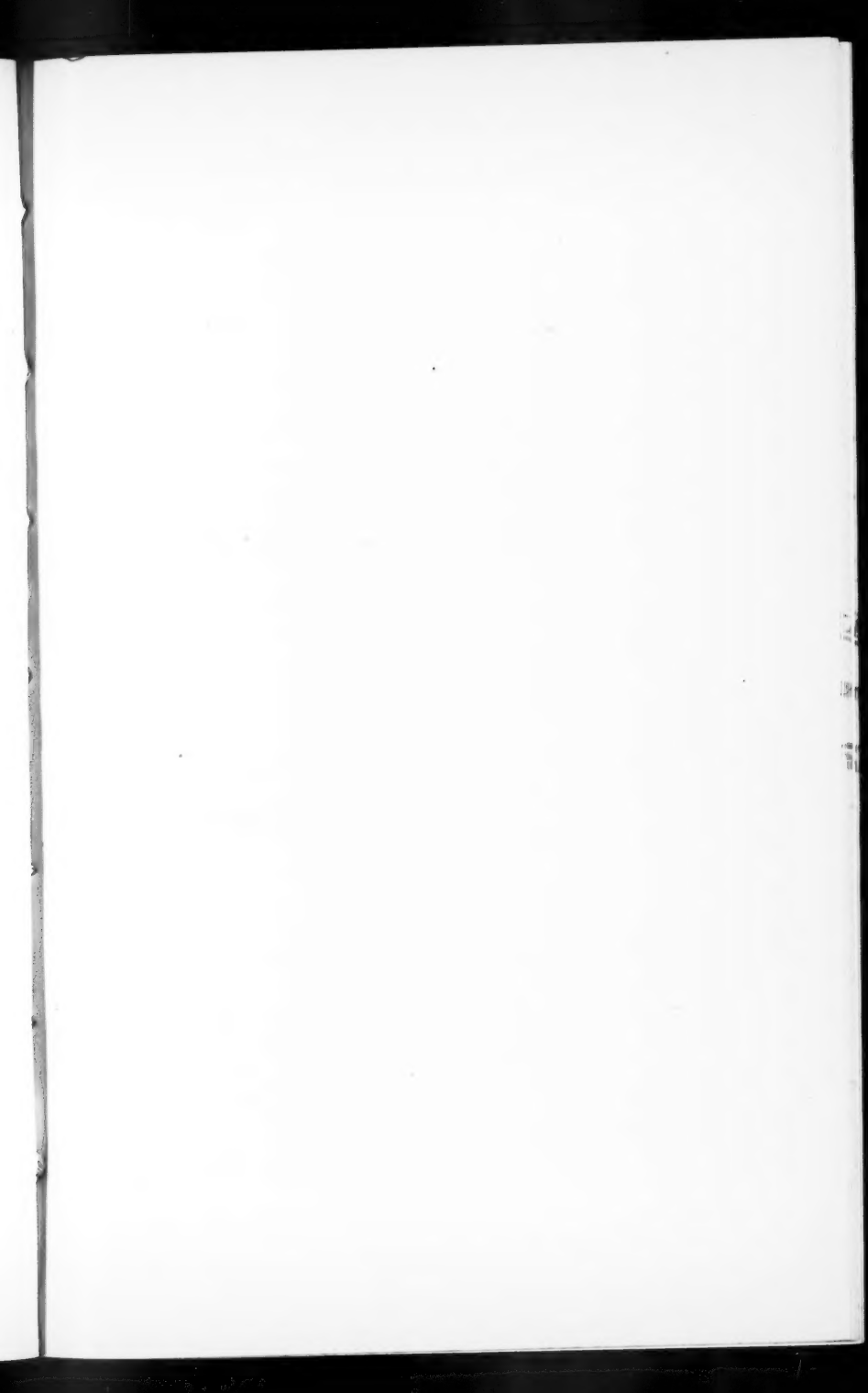
A MUSICAL EDUCATION.—The Cincinnati Conservatory of Music is the best institution of the kind in the West or South. If you want a thorough musical education at small cost write to them and mention this magazine and they will make you special rates.

THE DIFFERENCE.—Boy—Is this instrument called a fiddle or a violin? Professor—Ven I blay it, it's a violin. Ven you blay it, it's a fiddle.—*Demorest's Magazine*.

BROKERS.—W. L. Lyons & Co. is one of the old reliable brokerage firms of Louisville. They give prompt attention to all orders by mail or telegraph.

HE HAD FACILITIES.—A.—Were you at the performance of the Snide Opera Company last night? B.—Yes, I was there. “Did you ever see such a lot of wooden sticks?” “Oh, yes, I used to be a clerk in a lumber yard.”—*Texas Siftings*.

A SHORN SAMSON.—“I hear that Outosightski, the pianist, has completely failed in his latest concert.” “Yes. A barber cut his hair while he was asleep in the chair.”—*Chicago News Record*.





DRAWN BY W. C. CAWEIN.

"THE GRAY PATH THROUGH THE GLEN."